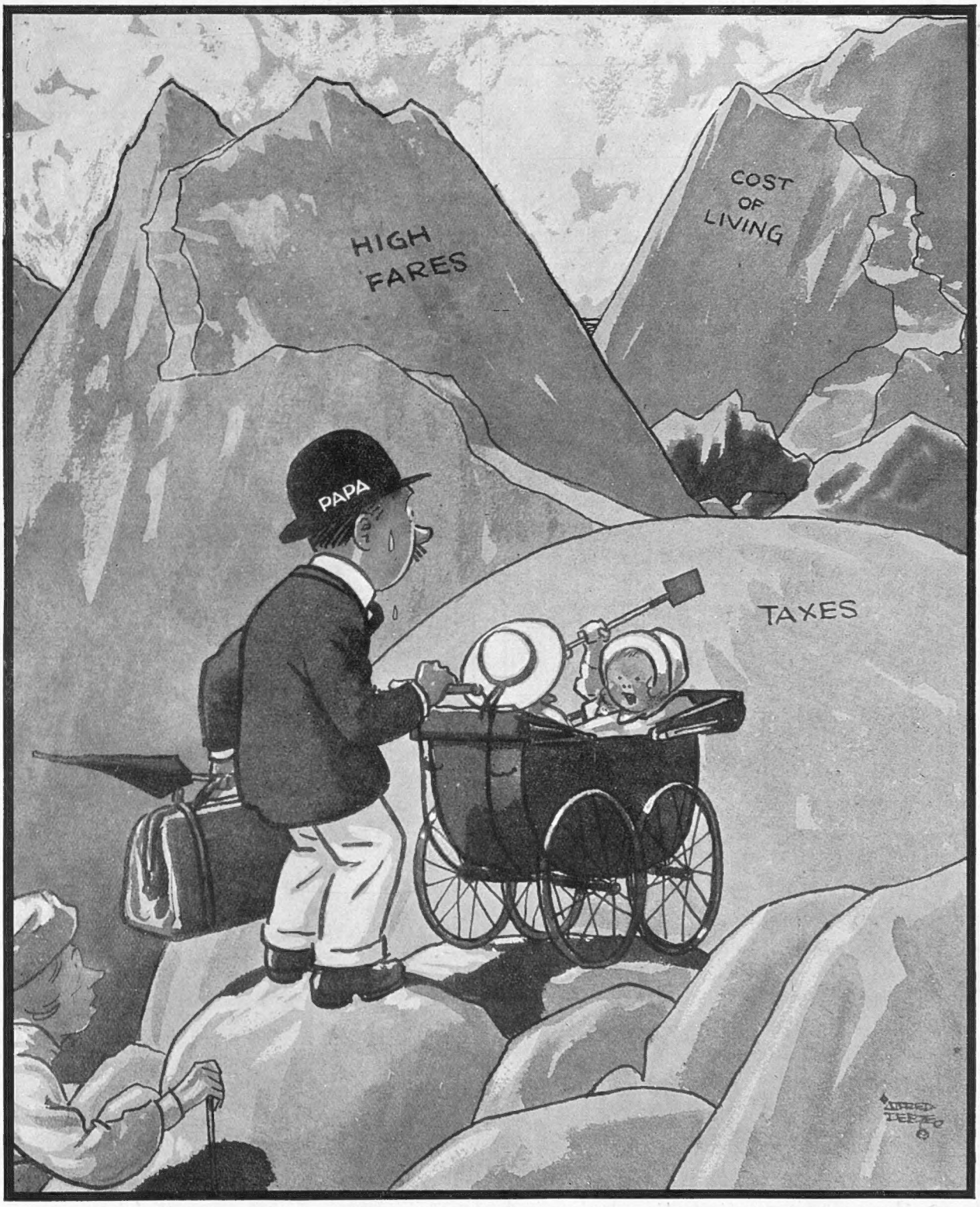
The Bystander, June 1, 1921 No. 913. Vol. LXX.

The BYSTANDER



BY ALFRED LEETE

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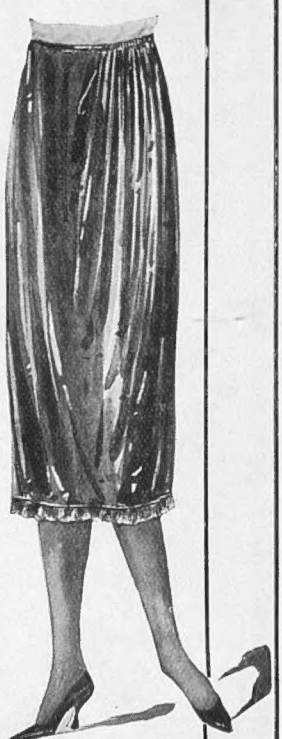

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HOLIDAY COMMENTS

Summer Time Greetings

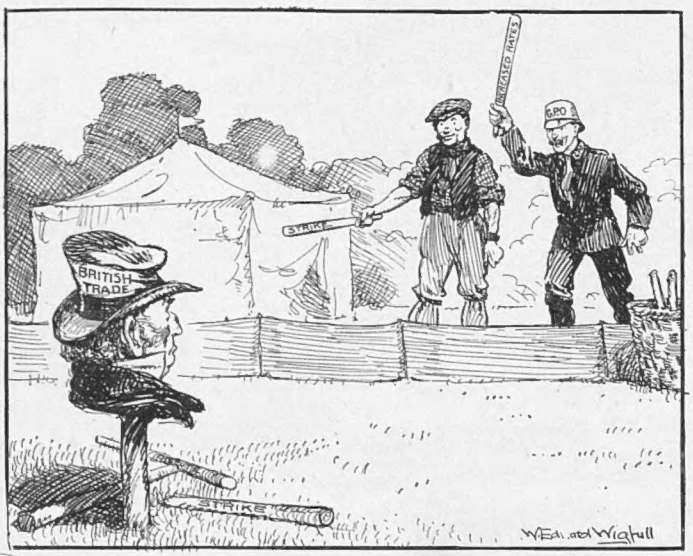
WHY should the expression of kindly wishes for a season or a date be confined to Christmas and birthdays? They are both delightful institutions, no doubt, but I fancy that, except for the very young, most of us look more to summer than to Christmas or our birthdays as a provider of pleasure and happiness. Therefore, here's wishing you with our Summer Number a merry Midsummer, a joyous June and a jocund July! So far, this year, summer has done its duty nobly. It came early and brilliant, almost hand-in-hand with an early and wonderful spring. Never was it more welcome. The glorious sunshine enabled even the gloomiest of us to realise that life was not all coal strike and income tax. Even Dean Inge broke out with a whole page written—himself declared it—with the deliberate intention of making people laugh!

Our Joyous Girls

THE summer holiday spirit was about almost before that of winter had retired. The seaside summer holiday girl in, or to a certain extent in, her new bathing costume was smiling at us in the papers weeks before her usual time. The river girl, the lawn tennis girl, and all the other summer girls were correspondingly early. Girls, much more than swallows, indicate the summer. I see that someone has been suggesting that London men are shabbier than they used to be. That may well be. But the women and girls certainly are not. They are gayer and smarter looking than they have ever been. And I am sure that there are at least twice as many of them as there used to be in pre-War days. The place swarms with them—streets, trains, tubes, buses, sharrabangs are all bright with summer girls and women. They may be out about their duties, or going to or returning from them, but they all have a picnic, holiday kind of air.

Real Delights of Modern Travel

ON Sunday week I went by road to a popular spot on the river. It might have been mid-July. The road was as full of buses as Piccadilly. They seemed to be chiefly filled with girls and women. I suppose there were some men, but one did not notice them much, though I did see a good many parties of young men on push-bikes. In the evening the queues waiting for their return buses was one of the most extraordinary sights. Last year the bus and sharrabang asserted themselves strongly as pleasure vehicles, but this year they seem to have the field to themselves, and, given good weather, no one need lament the scarcity of trains. The train journey was the fatiguing start



THE LATEST SUMMER PASTIME By W. E. WIGFULL.

THE P.O.: "Here, let me have a shot at him!"

and depressing end of a day's holiday. The bus or sharrabang ride is part, and a considerable part, of the delights of the day.

The Exalted Sharrabang

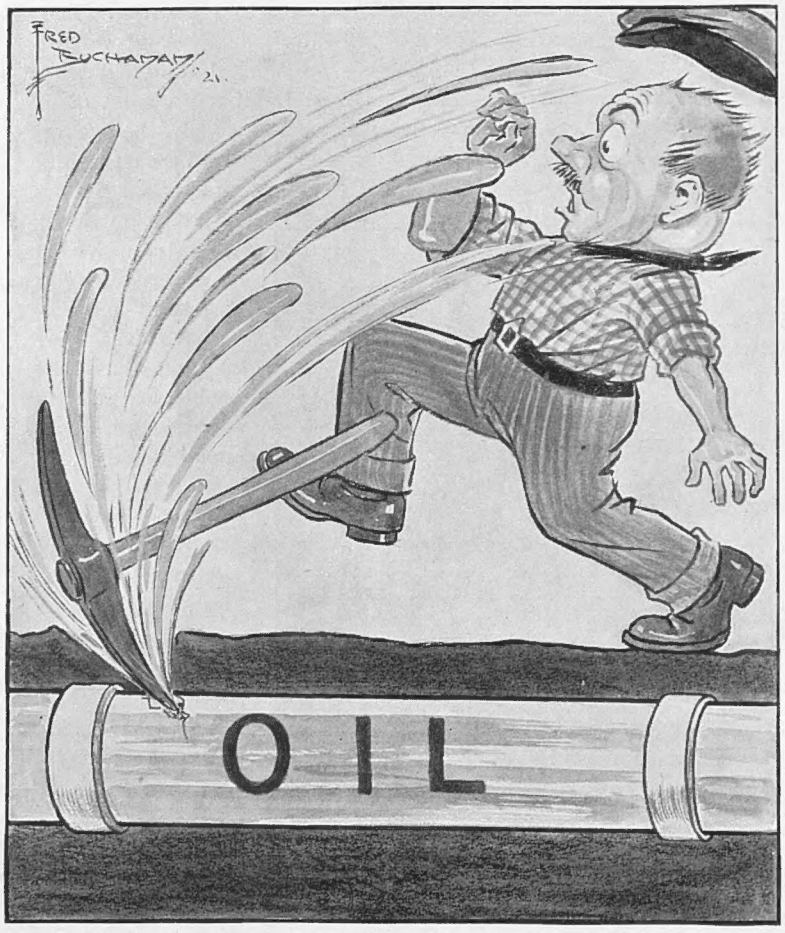
LAST year the sharrabang and sharrabanger very deservedly earned bad names for themselves. They were generally a nuisance, and often a danger, to the whole of the countryside, which they infested. But we have changed all that. The sharrabang and bus holiday-makers of 1921 are seemly folk, who can enjoy themselves without spoiling the pleasure of others. The sharrabang was too good for the Yahoos who first enjoyed it; the right people have now discovered its qualities, and it is a fortunate dispensation of Providence that the importation of the right people is the surest and most peaceable method of getting rid of the other sort. I hope yet to see a coroneted sharrabang. The bus can hardly expect to attain this distinction. When I see the Sunday and holiday buses careering far afield they never seem quite "to belong." They suggest a seventh day's work at a job for which they were never intended, and I feel thankful that they are petrol-driven. The Sunday beanfeast-working horses used to be a sad sight on the country roads.

Liquor Control Amendment

ONE may suppose that with this great improvement in the clientèle of the sharrabangs the decent country hotels and roadside inns will no longer discourage or flatly refuse to entertain them. Indeed, they would not be justified in doing so. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the Liquor Control people will show a little sense. We saw enough last year of sharrabangs and lorries being converted into moving public houses. The *bona-fide* traveller might again become an institution. At any rate, something should be done to prevent summer holidays on the road being marred by unnecessary thirst. A bit of engine trouble or the blowing off of someone's hat might condemn a whole party to a Pussyfoot luncheon.

Drastic Drinking Economy

MODERN requirements in this line are very modest. It is not, I fancy, that our tastes have changed, but that, even on holidays, expense must be considered more carefully than of yore. I saw this exemplified very plainly on the Sunday evening I spent up the river. I dined at a hostelry famous for its good English fare and cooking. I sat in a small dining-room, and while I was there saw some thirty-two or thirty-three people having dinner. They were a very representative crowd—middle-aged people and the typical young river folk. All well turned out, all hungry and thirsty. Not a single jug or cup or bottle, or even half-bottle of wine, was served. There were no wine lists on the tables, and the waiters never once proffered one of the two I saw on the service table. With two exceptions everyone, men and women and girls, drank stout or beer. A small boy had ginger-ale, and a middle-aged lady had a whisky-and-soda. Stay, there was one bottle of white wine served. This was to a young Japanese and his two English guests. Doubtless this was to celebrate the visit of his Crown Prince.



WHAT THE STRIKERS STRUCK By Fred Buchanan

Everyone Should Swim

IT is a pity that our summers must always be saddened by entirely unnecessary loss of life caused by people not being able to swim. The drowning of two Oxford men at Sandford lasher a week or so ago should have been impossible. No young man, no boy over ten should ever be drowned simply because he cannot swim. Anyone who ventures on water and cannot swim is a danger not only to himself, but to his companions who can swim. A boy should be taught to be ashamed of himself until he can swim.

A Critic of Versailles

I HAVE just been reading a book, very recently published, called *The Defeat in the Victory*. Sounds unpleasant? It does—and it is. The author is one George D. Herron, about whom not much is known in this country, but a good deal in the United States, where he has not been "domiciled," as they say, for

By E. T. Reed

APPROPRIATE SUMMER SUITING DESIGNS WILL NO DOUBT BE *DE RIGUEUR* THIS SEASON

some years. It is full of invective in regard to the Versailles Treaty, mainly because some of the signatories thereto did not assess the famous Fourteen Points at Mr. Herron's estimate value.

"Die in Festering Famine"

"We consented," says he, "that populations reaching from the Rhine to the Volga and from the Arctic Seas to the Adriatic should be reduced to material and moral despair: should die in festering famine and every kind of misery—and this in order that one Entente Power might wreak revenge and gain a Shylock's indemnity, and another Entente Power seize the economic hegemony of three continents."

The Other Side of the Picture

So much for that. And then last week I read in a daily contemporary this comment upon the state of Germany given by a British business man, recently returned from Berlin. He said, "There might never have been a war. Everybody looks happy and well fed. Everybody is wearing better clothes in the railway trains than I am. The cultivation of crops seems to me wonderful, and certainly better than in 1914 at the same time of the year." A lot of "festering famine" about that, isn't there? I do not suppose *The Defeat in the Victory* is likely to have a very large sale in this country. I read it through from beginning to end out of sheer curiosity.

Photograph] **ROYALTY AMONGST THE FLOWERS** *[British Illustrations*

The Chelsea Flower Show was visited by the King and Queen last week and, together with Princess Mary, inspected the many excellent exhibits, as well as this rock garden, which was very originally laid out. The flowers themselves were exquisite

Photograph *Central News*

THAT WONDERFUL SMILE!

The Prince of Wales in his tour of Devon went over to the Scilly Isles, and he is here seen prior to a cruise in the St. Mary's lifeboat

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

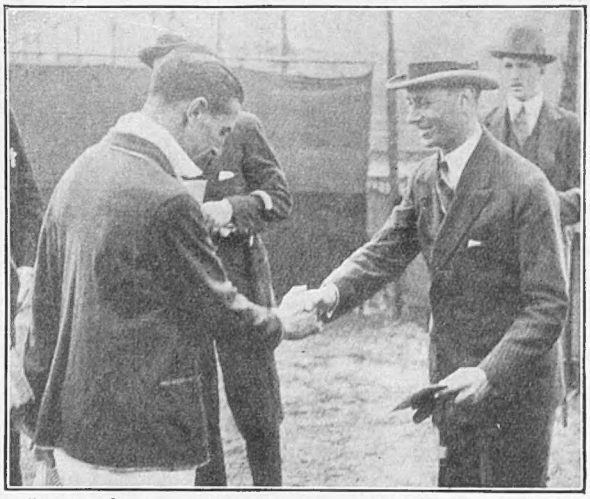
The Banners of Summer

SINCE the coal strike began London has been gradually disclosing beauties one never suspected her of possessing. It is a strange sight to see a distant vista of hill and green at the end of some of the streets running north from Oxford Street. But Hampstead lies that way, and now there is no smoke from the factories and big industrial establishments, Hampstead is visible from Oxford Street. And the long vistas down the big, straight thoroughfares gives one an illusion of Paris—the outlines of our buildings are blurred in haze or smoke for the greater part of the year.

The glorious weather has helped London to disclose her beauties. We should rave about the view from Piccadilly across the two parks to Whitehall and the Houses of Parliament if it were across the Channel. But we are scarcely to be blamed for not appreciating it until to-day—we've never been able to see it properly before.

Despite the strike and all the difficulties it is scattering upon everybody, summer never came more gloriously to London. The rhododendrons are ablaze in the Parks in a setting of emerald green; the leaves are all out on the trees; even the sheep are many shades less grubby than usual. The Row has been crowded every morning, and the bright, clear atmosphere and the sunshine have brought an unaccustomed sense of exhilaration. "It's just like the air abroad," one old dowager remarked, "you feel you can see what is at the back of things." These last days in London have reminded one of Henley's—

> We march to a tune
> From the fifes of June,
> And life is a dream worth dreaming!



Photograph *Keystone View Co.*

SPAIN'S BID FOR THE DAVIS CUP

The Duke of York was a spectator of the third day's play in the Davis Cup tie between the British Isles and Spain at the London Country Club, and is seen congratulating the Spanish champion, Manuel Alonzo, who won Spain's only match

Summer's Drums and Trumpets

BUT if the "fifes of June" are sounding and the banners of summer are flying in London, it is heralded by triumphant drums and trumpets at Hampton Court. The dry weather has, of course, affected the tulips, but it has been a gorgeous spectacle. Trains have naturally been impossible, but every day the *monde qui s'amuse* has found its way there by bus and

tram. On some days the spacious walks and terraces have had all the appearance of a fashionable health resort, so large has been the number of "notabilities"

Shadows of the Strike

ON the other hand the disappointments of the young folk increase. Dance after dance is being put off—so the coal strike is hitting orchestras and caterers pretty badly. The trouble is that it will be impossible for many of the deferred dances to be given. Even if things become normal again there would not be time to crowd them all into the two months that remain.

Photograph *Central News*

THE OPENING OF THE SCOTTISH ASSEMBLY

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. The Duke, who is the Lord High Commissioner, opened the Scottish Assembly at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, last week

Besides, many of the intending dance givers have been too badly hit to embark on any unnecessary expense, and in addition to that I expect you will find there will be a big exodus in July. If we have a season proper at all, it will be a very short one.

I Wonder Why!

HAVE you noticed of late repeated announcements in the Court columns of the *Times* of parties being given in Paris by great French dames? One can understand such announcements being made a week or so beforehand for the information of English acquaintances who may be going over. But when the announcement appears that the Duchesse de Tel et Tel or the Princesse de Ça et Çi will be at home the self-same afternoon in the French capital, one wonders where the point comes in.

Do they hope their English friends will go over by aeroplane, or have some of the French ladies fallen a victim to a little weakness not unknown amongst some of our own dames of the great world—an absorbing willingness to let the rest of the world know what they are doing in the way of entertaining?

Photograph *Elliot and Fry*

A JUNE BRIDE

Miss Marjorie Peel, whose marriage to Capt. E. R. M. Fryer takes place at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on June 22. Miss Peel is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Peel and a grand-daughter of the late Sir Charles Lennox Peel

Photograph *H. Walter Barnett*

A BEAUTIFUL BRIDE

Miss Isabel Parsons, with her husband, Lieutenant C. A. Kershaw, R.N., the famous international Rugby footballer and son of Sir Louis and Lady Kershaw, after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Brompton. Miss Parsons is the younger daughter of Major-General Sir Charles and Lady Parsons. Rugby enthusiasts will be interested to hear that Commander W. J. A. Davies, R.N., his partner at half-back in the England team, was his best man

Another Wonder Why

I WONDER why there is so complete a silence in the newspapers on the condition of things in Wales. Strange stories are being told, some of them doubtless fantastic—it is wonderful what accretions jump on to a story between a drawing-room and a club, and *vice versa*—but I can vouch for the truth of this—

The wife of a big mine-owner in Wales dare not let her children go outside the grounds of their house because of the repeated threats she has received that they will be kidnapped and held to ransom. There have been other threats, too, of attacking the house.

Apparently the authorities do not regard these threats lightly, for the house and gardens are guarded by soldiers. The miners themselves are absolved from any share in these threats against a woman and her children. They

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (concluded)

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

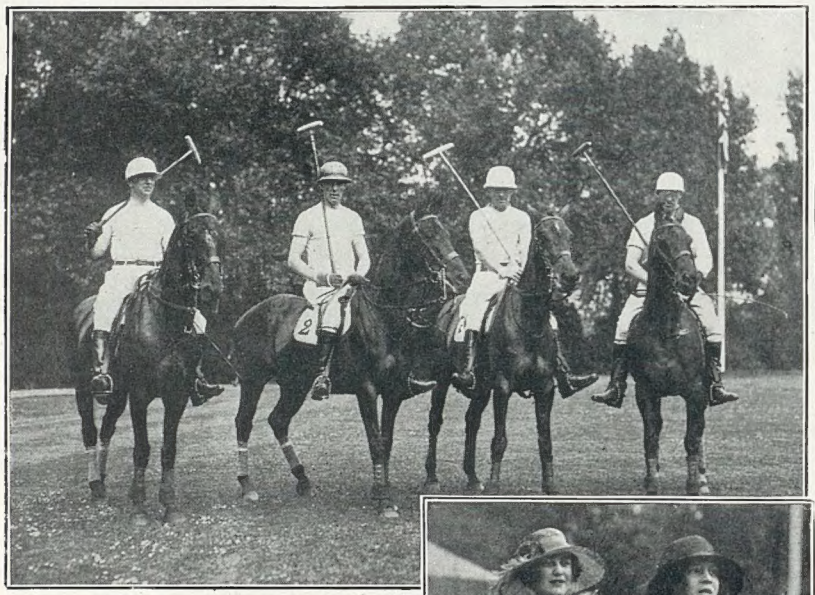
THE MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD

Was among the many enthusiasts to watch the England team at Hurlingham last week. Fortunately the sun smiled all the while

may wilt and wither, and bang goes his chances at the next flower show—the most important consideration of all with the really real gardener.

Gardening is a closer bond than golf. You simply can't go on hating your especial enemy if you discover he grows his sweet peas exactly in the way you do. I know two men who couldn't abide one another. Neither knew that the other cared a tittle about gardening. They met one night at dinner—frost-bite and glaciers weren't in it! Then a chance word led to the discovery that both were passionate in research on the diseases of rose-roots.

By the end of the evening both heads were close together, and now they are inseparable. I saw them both at the Chelsea Show. What a glory that was for gardeners! I've been to flower shows innumerable, belonging as I do, and most proudly, to the Demented Order of Absorbed Gardeners, but I've never seen anything like the vast tent all filled with orchids. It was a forest in fairyland. The hundreds who flocked to the Show—and so many from the country in spite of trains that don't run—show how deeply the love of gardens is implanted in the British bosom. But I am not quite sane on that subject so I won't say any more, except that I once knew of a very happy marriage brought about by hollyhocks, and of several divorces that never came off because neither side could bear to give up the fruit garden. And have you noticed that married couples who love their gardens very rarely quarrel? It is true, and, if you like, I'll prove it.



Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

"THE REST" TEAM

Who put up such a determined battle against the England four, being only defeated by the odd goal. From left to right: Mr. L. Stoddard, Mr. Earl Hopping (two of the American reserves), Col. R. G. Ritson and Col. C. F. Hunter

are said to have been inspired by Bolshevist agents in Cardiff.

The Bond of Gardens

LORD LAMBOURNE, the President of the Royal Horticultural Society, told the gathering at the wonderful show at Chelsea that a hundred new members are joining the Society's present 17,000 every fortnight.

Is gardening going to leaven the lump of social divisions and bitterness? I shouldn't be surprised if it helped. You never find a gardener or a lover of gardens a revolutionary. For one reason he can't be away from his gardens long enough to revolute or Bolshevise. If he does, his best plants

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

EVERYONE AT HURLINGHAM

All London flocked to watch the polo last week for it is the greatest game in the world from a spectacular point of view. Lady Warrender with Miss Violet Baring

Photograph *Keystone View Co.*

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

Takes a keen interest in every branch of sport, polo especially, and last week saw him a keen follower of the trial game at Hurlingham

Barrie's "Mystery" Play

THERE was a very distinguished gathering at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art last Friday when the Prince of Wales presented gold, silver, and bronze medals to the prize-winners previous to witnessing Sir James Barrie's much discussed "mystery" play, *Shall We Join the Ladies?* The comedy was acted by the leading personalities of the English stage. It was a remarkable caste.

"SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR"

BY H. H. HARRIS

NEW SERIES

TALES of the PEACETIME R.A.F.

"Autres Temps"

By "JAMES HENRY"

Illustrated by OSWALD CUNINGHAM

[*It is easy to tell tales of the Navy and Army without accusation of personalities, because these Services are so large and have so long a past on which an author can draw for incident and character. With the R.A.F the problem is more difficult. The Force is at present so small in numbers and its history is so short that the captious critic may well attempt to "fit the cap" of characters and incidents to real people and real places. I hope, however, that in the case of this series he will save himself much labour. Characters, events, squadrons and names are entirely fictitious. Only the atmosphere (our author trusts) is real.*—ED. BYSTANDER.]

1919

THE mess sat round the fire grousing. It usually did, because this was one of the only things left to do. There was nothing to fly for, and other duties were honoured mainly in the breach. In any case, few of the members knew how to do anything but fly. The War had left no time for aught but the essentials of the moment. They were most gallant youngsters—but officers only by name.

So they groused, and their grouses—from personal prospects to the burning qualities of A.S.C. coal — were as heterogeneous as their costumes. These latter ranged from a mixed selection of regimentals through quasi-naval to R.A.F. pure and simple. Most people, however, fought shy of the R.A.F. kit. They feared that they might be taken for children of the bad days of '18—mothered, save the mark!—by the R.A.F., but unable to produce any acknowledgeable male parent. They liked it to be known that, however disreputable their present surroundings, they had once seen better days.

Wesson, the beribboned child of "A" flight, rose at last, stretched and yawned beyond belief.

"If I stay in this congealed atmosphere much longer," he announced, "I shall regurgitate — I'm going for a flip."

Someone laughed.

"Bet you don't, my lad. Orders is orders."

Unmoved, Wesson moved over to the door. He turned as he reached it.

"Bet you a fiver I do," he challenged.

"No machines filled up and no men."

"I'll fill my own dam bus."

"Petrol and oil stores locked."

"If I can't find the keys I'll break them open."

Here someone else chimed in.

"Don't be a fool, Bill."

"Held indignation meetings"

Wesson flushed, in youthful irritation.

"I don't care a continental if I'm a fool or not," he retorted, "I'm going to have a last glorious bust, and anyone else can come that cares. What about it? Follow my leader all over the shop. The C.O.'s away, and even if there's a row, we'll all be demobbed or something—who's for it?"

Leadership—even in lunacy—was Wesson's inborn genius—madness was certainly in the air. There was a yelp of applause, a chorus of red Indian war cries. The mess arose as one man to mischief afoot. . . . And it was so. Goverpool, most respectable and slumberous of seaside resorts, will not for many years forget that circus. Seven machines skimming along the sea-front in line and causing the bathers to duck hastily to the consumption of much salt water. Seven machines looping together, and then diving in succession to do vertical turns round the bandstand. Seven machines spinning groundwards, and when feminine Goverpool covered eyes and shrieked, flattening out and zooming once more.

People have paid good money to witness displays less thrilling than Goverpool saw that day—free, gratis, and for nothing—when the relics of the finest fighting squadron in France decided to show off for the last time.

TALES OF THE PEACE-TIME R.A.F. (concluded)

They certainly woke Goverpool up, but, somehow, Goverpool was not pleased. It complained collectively and individually to the Air Ministry, and it asked questions in Parliament. It wrote to the papers, and it held indignation meetings. But, by the time the Air Ministry acted, the C.O. had gone back to his home in Canada, and routine demobbing had placed most of the culprits beyond reach of the Air Force Act. Wesson had been drafted to Egypt, and got off a G.C.M. mainly because the vote wouldn't stand the expense. Instead, he incurred the displeasure of the Air Council, but, as the same mail brought his gazette to a permanent commission—the committee had been in a bit of a hurry by the time they arrived at the W's, and Wesson's sins were overlooked—he did not mind much. So it blew over in the rush of paper war and reorganisation.

It is in the hope that they may be led to think less severely that I tell what followeth, and with one wave of the pen carry the scene past two years of struggle and moil to . . .

1921

Wesson's machine was down on the desert with a piston sticking its head out of the side of its parent cylinder, and no particular hope of rescue. The desert is not an easy place over which to search for one small aeroplane. Further, Arabs of devastating appearance were approaching and a rifle bullet that sang over his head indicated that their intentions were not friendly.

Wesson examined his pistol, prepared to set light to his machine, and hoped that death would not be very uncomfortable. Then came the far drone of an engine and hope revived. Wesson fired a couple of Very's lights, and saw with proper relief the machine bank over towards him.

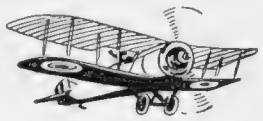
"Thank God!" murmured Wesson, fervently.

The rescue was all over in two minutes of perfect airmanship.

A couple of bursts of machine-gun fire scattered the tribesmen; a perfect cross-wing landing brought the machine to earth within ten yards of its wrecked mate; and with only a pause while Wesson lit his machine and climbed on to the fuselage behind the pilot, clinging desperately and flattening himself out of the slip-stream, they bumped off the sand and took the air.

"Good to you, young Gregson," shouted Wesson in the pilot's ear. "A first-class landing and get-away—buzz for home."

So they buzzed, and although *phlegme britannique* prevented Wesson saying much to his rescuer beyond, "Thanks, young feller, I won't forget this," he wrote a very glowing and concise report, which, with the addition of a couple of split infinitives by the staff, eventually appeared below the gazette of Gregson's D.F.C.



"Saw with relief a machine bank over towards him"

Now, unfortunately, coincidence insists on coming into the story at this point, and, indeed, it would be no story if it did not. Gregson's mother lived in Goverpool, and the local paper gave Gregson's story and Gregson's photograph, and all sorts of information about Gregson's youth and talents, a whole two columns under the heading of "Goverpool's Gallant Son." This, Goverpool read at its breakfast table with proper parochial pride, and realised that there might be hope for the R.A.F. if only there were a few more Goverpudlians in it.

"You remember," said Goverpool to wife across the coffee pot, "that bad business two years ago? None of our boys would do things like that." And precisely at the same time, Wesson, in his official capacity as Flight-Commander, was addressing to the hero of the hour a small homily, what time the hero stood most uneasily before him.

"Look here, Gregson, this is Service, and I want you to understand that, though I am dam grateful—" Wesson's ideas of a Service conversation were still liberal—"to you for saving my life, I'm not going to let it get in the way of my job. You were stunting over the town yesterday; I saw you from the Sports' Club; and worse still, you were stunting low. Now, once and for all, old chap, I'm not going to have that sort of thing in my flight. Stunting over towns, besides being agin' orders and dangerous, is the worst kind of bounding." There was more, and Gregson felt very small and repentant at the end. But I hope that the extract above is enough to convince Goverpool that the brand is slowly but surely being saved from the burning. If they are still unconvinced, let me give them my word of honour as a scribe, that messes don't grouse to-day—they talk shop instead—and they help up to date—as far as thinly-lined pockets will allow—with the latest developments of the R.A.F. Millinery Department Which latter is nothing like so easy as it sounds.

J. H.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS: TAKE YOUR

HOLIDAY EARLY AND AVOID COMPETITION

BY A. K. MACDONALD

From the New Robinson Crusoe

A FRAGMENT BY W. HODGSON BURNET

. . . . I had now been thirteen days on the island, and according to my reckoning had visited the ship eleven times; in which time I had brought away all that I conveniently could.

On the fourteenth day I went on board once more at low water, and although I thought I had rummaged the cabin pretty effectually, I discovered in a corner of one of the lockers a thick, rolled-up paper tied with string which was, though I little dreamed it at that time, to be a constant solace in my exile.

At first, indeed, I smiled in some disdain at the sight of this roll, for I surmised it was merely a bundle of English newspapers which, from their date, would, I had no doubt, contain little enough to cheer me, being full for the most part of sad tales of industrial strife in my beloved country, and of bloodshed and crime in Ireland.

"THE CADDIE"

SEASONABLE SILHOUETTES
CUT BY
H. L. OAKLEY

"MIXED BATHING"

"What good art thou to me?" I said, aloud, "I have no manner of use for thee; nay, one of these rusty nails is worth thy weight ten times over; remain even where thou art and go to the bottom as a creature whose life is not worth the saving." However, on second thoughts I took the bundle with me, and the better to preserve it from the sea I wrapped it in a piece of stout canvas, and this done made my way as quickly as I could back to my tent. All that night it blew hard, and the next morning when I looked out no more ship was to be seen.

I now began to consider my condition and circumstances, and the better to realise them I drew up in writing the state of my affairs, stating them as impartially as I could in the form of a debit and credit account; the comforts I enjoyed against the miseries I suffered in the manner following:—

Evil.	Good.
I am cast on a desert island with but little hope of being rescued.	But I am alive and well, and am no longer called upon to fill in "Schedule D," nor shall I ever have to hang on a strap from Gloucester Road to the City again.
I have no clothes to cover me.	But I don't need any, and I am independent of those who would charge me fifteen guineas for a "smart lounge suit."
I have no means of knowing what is going on at home.	For that matter those at home have no means of knowing what is going on here. Anyhow, I need no longer worry as to whether reparations are being exacted from the Germans or whether—which is more likely—the Supreme Council will be still conferring long after I am dead.

It was at this point that I idly cut the string of the roll of paper which I had brought from the wreck, and when I saw what it was I added, with a feeling of deep thankfulness and (to mark the importance of the occasion) in red ink:—

Evil.	Good.
I have no soul to speak to.	But Heaven in its infinite mercy has prompted me to save from the wreck the one thing which needs complete silence to enjoy, the one thing which makes solitude a boon, the greatest solace which I could have hoped for, to wit— "THE BYSTANDER" SUMMER NUMBER.

The Last Word

BY WILMOT LUNT

"I should like to see any man try to kiss me!"
"No doubt—but you shouldn't admit it"

BY NORMAN KEENE

"DRIED PEACHES"

The Call of Summer

BY "THE OLD GUARD"

To the common serf of the modern world the coming of summer brings a glad whisper of idle hours by sea or mead; but to the dismal drudge in Grub Street it but portends another hunt along the hazy trail of the Sea Serpent, or a return to the pursuit of the Giant Marrow of the Allotmenteer. Yet withal, so boundless is the mercy of Heaven! there come moments, brief and fleeting though they be, when even slaves like unto ourself may fold our tents and silently steal away from brick and stone and reeking street to the wholesome countryside, where all is fair and green, and where Editors cease from troubling and the fountain-pen is at rest. And a word with you here, Gentles! He who would pursue Nature in her loveliest summer garb must follow the road afoot. 'Tis a habit that is easily acquired, and it hath in it a joy and a revelation that your traveller awheel can never know. For they that snort across the face of the world in high-speed cars look at all things but see nothing.

He that goes afoot by dale and stream comes upon a new thing of beauty as day follows day; while he that goes awheel is chained like a restless slave to the broad highway. Afoot, you shall saunter idly through the bracken and the heather, and in the woods you may pause now and then beneath an ancient beech or giant oak, and ponder on the inexorable timepiece that beats out the little lives of men. For the trees were there long ere we were sent hither from the boundless deep to play our little parts, and long after we have been brushed back into the darkness those trees will be standing erect, rearing their verdant leaves like oriflammes defiantly aloft, till old Time himself must needs pause in the fight to get his second wind. To the man afoot the primrose by the river's brim may be just that and nothing more; but to the man awheel it is merely a yellow streak that hurts his eyes.

Therefore, when the Street of Adventure is hot and malodorous in the glare of the summer sun, call we, like Ingoldsby's Baron, for our boots. When we have grown tired of debating with truculent Editors the very particular question as to whether we are a gentleman of breeding or a mere parasite battening on the tolerance of better men, then do we lift our eyes to the distant hills and fare forth with scrip and staff. Within a score of miles from Town, a short day's walk for the upstanding man, you shall find leafy woods and softly running streams, and, above all, great, open moorlands rolling from skyline to skyline, where you shall not hear a whisper or an echo of the Irish Question or the Wage Dispute. On the very fringes of the great City there are spacious solitudes where the wise who know may murmur into space and get a murmuring answer back.

Not for ourself, at holiday-time, the roar of the ocean in its spite, or the snake-like crawl of its calmer moods with its everlasting lure of death. Rather do we turn our eyes to the open meadows and gentle rivulets that sing of life and joy; to seas of corn that roll wavy and green in the early summer, changing as the weeks go by to billows of molten gold. There are those who, cringing at the feet of Fashion, go down to the sea in crowded trains, and sit stagnating on the dead sands, where nothing sweet can ever grow; while to others the call of the wild, as wildness is to be found among us, is insistent and irresistible. Yet we shall not claim that the summer joy of journeying far afoot is entirely unsophisticated; for they who leave the open road behind them and make their way through unfamiliar woods or over steepy mountains, must, forsooth! measure their paces by the tyrant clock lest a natural thirst overtake them without Government authority. Often, straying at large by moor and fen, and losing our way—one of the delights of travelling afoot—we have reached at last our wayside inn only to learn, after having borne the heat and burden of the day, that it is two minutes or so past the hour at which we may lawfully drink our cup of ale. Wherefore of late, when we have been granted a brief respite from the daily round and common task, we have hied us to a foreign and more hospitable land. You may revel in the joy of a thirty-kilometre tramp along the green lanes and the golden hills of sunny France and you will have no need to limp the last lap with painful haste lest the gate of your *auberge* should be prematurely locked in your face. As has been written, they order these things better over there.

HORSE SENSE By L. R. Brightwell

Stable Boy: "Your horse, sir?"
Novice (*rather shaken by fall*): "Eh? What? Oh - ah - thanks—thought I'd forgotten something"

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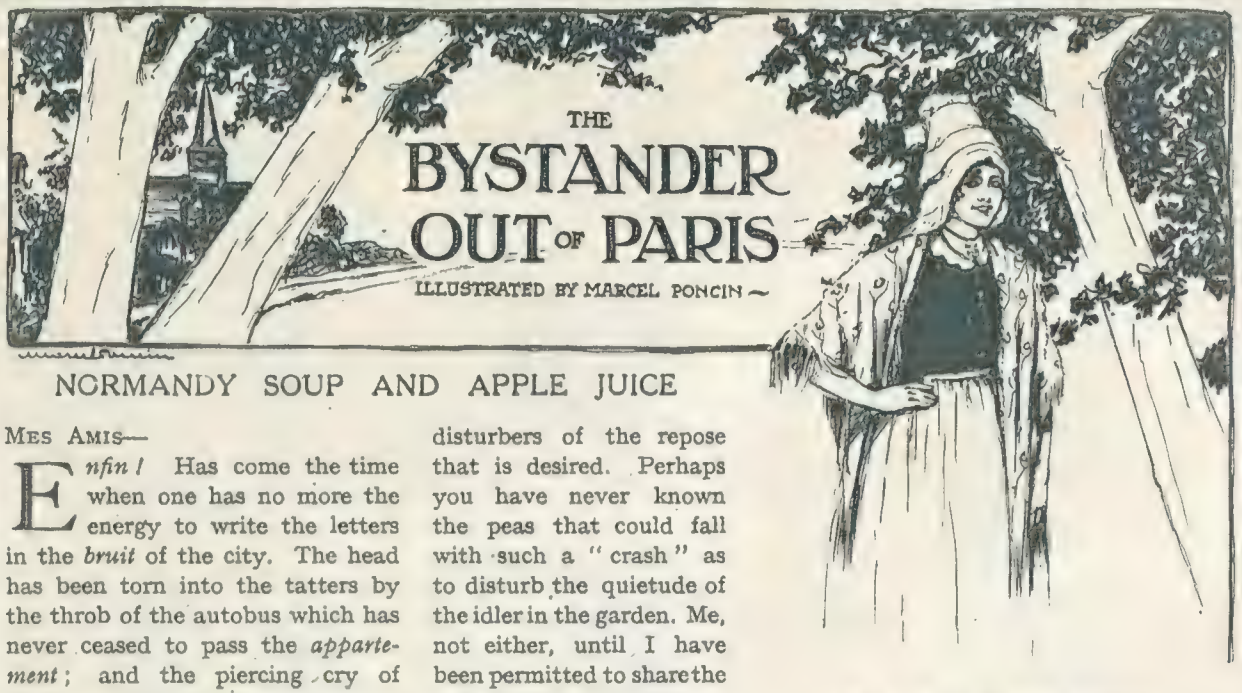
Lilac	*Reseda*

LEVER BROTHERS LTD. PORT SUNLIGHT



THE BYSTANDER OUT OF PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

NORMANDY SOUP AND APPLE JUICE

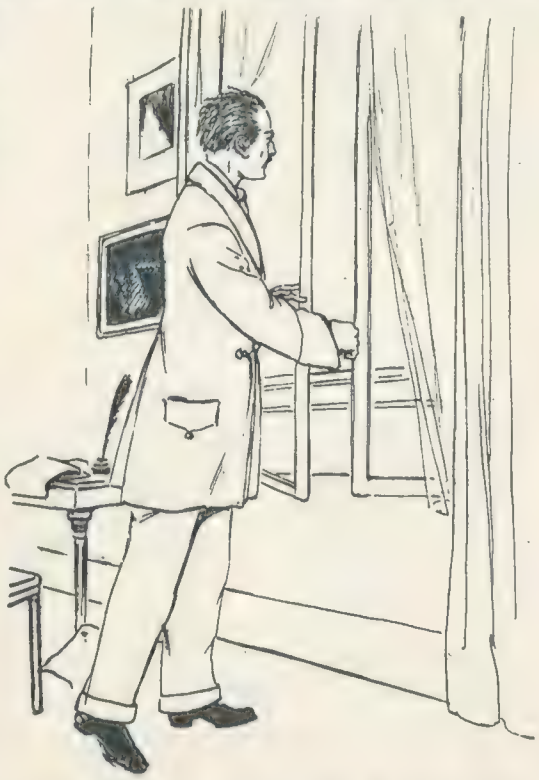
MES AMIS—

Enfin! Has come the time when one has no more the energy to write the letters in the *bruit* of the city. The head has been torn into the tatters by the throb of the autobus which has never ceased to pass the *appartement*; and the piercing cry of Monsieur Emile, "*Épinards, beaux épinards.*" It is a fact of the most peculiar that Monsieur Emile has always the determination to sell his *épinards* just as I am engaged to write the letter to THE BYSTANDER.

I HAVE, so far, accomplished to keep the *épinards* out of my writings, for I have had the fear that if they once intruded they would be as difficult to exclude as the head of your King Charles. But one is weak when the summer has come. *Je suis vaincu.* There is the one advantage—that it is the *épinards* and not the *ail*. *Autrement* the pungent odour of the garlic might attach itself to the paper, and disturb the delicate temperament of the *typographe*.

IT is strange that I should fall to the temptation to mention the *épinards*, not when I am within the point-blank range of the insistent voice of Monsieur Emile, but while I am in a rambling garden in Normandy where the "plop" of the fat peas, as they fall from the burst pod, is the only sound that startles the nerves which still have the "jumps." It is the fat peas which have reminded me of the *épinards* — more habitual disturbers of the repose that is desired. Perhaps you have never known the peas that could fall with such a "crash" as to disturb the quietude of the idler in the garden. Me, not either, until I have been permitted to share the secret of this tiny village, which conceals itself in a tree-fringed hollow, invisible from the *Manche* in front and from the *route nationale* at the back. But now I know how *gros* can be the *petit pois*, and in a day or so shall be able to forgive the reminder of the bombs when I shall have succumbed completely to the seduction of the *jus*. Perhaps it may seem unkind to dwell on the succulence of these peas when I am not able to offer to you even a sample. But such peas, with the roast duckling from the village farmyard, are the excuse to make one garrulous and inconsiderate.

"She is like all the petites Normandes"



"Just when I am engaged to write the letter to *The Bystander*"

AND if they recall to me the *épinards* of Monsieur Emile it is because I am obsessed with the problem of how I can procure the *gros petit pois* when I shall return to Paris. For Argenteuil in all its glory of the irresistible asparagus has not such food for the gods as these Norman peas. It is not any wonder that William, when he has crossed the *Manche*, has given the proof that he was a Conqueror. He has won a greater battle when he has conquered the temptation to stay within the neighbourhood of those peas and the other wonders of the *boire et manger*, that the thrice-blessed Normandy does give. When the time shall come that I myself will have to make the similar fight, I am tempted to the hope that I shall be the loser.

YOU may say that the season of the peas will be early over. But there

THE BYSTANDER OUT OF PARIS (*concluded*)

is, besides, the soup and the cider. All from the same magic garden—*quelle terre de paradis!*—where the *pommeraie* offers the similar perfection as the *légumes*, and the raspberries give a wine with "body" without the need of any press. There is, unfortunately, the necessity that I must return to Paris. But it is with a determination. That is to amass the *argent*. I want to buy this garden to take care of the *pommes* and the *pois* and the *framboises*, and—perhaps—of Elik.

ELIK is the daughter of the Master of the Garden, who has bestowed upon me what is more than the freedom of cities—the freedom of his *morceau de terre*. Elik had a mother who was a Russian. That is the reason for the uncommonness of the name. But Elik is a Normande, and like all the *petites Normandes* is able to make the *soupe*. She is able to make it as well as Madame the Bonne, which is to say very much, because the *soupe* of Madame the Bonne has a reputation even among the Normands. One day that garden will be to Elik, and even if Elik were as unpleasant as Madame the Bonne, the gain would be greater than the sacrifice. And Elik is the fairest of village maidens even among the *charmantes Normandes*. But this is a serious article. So I had better get back to the *soupe*.

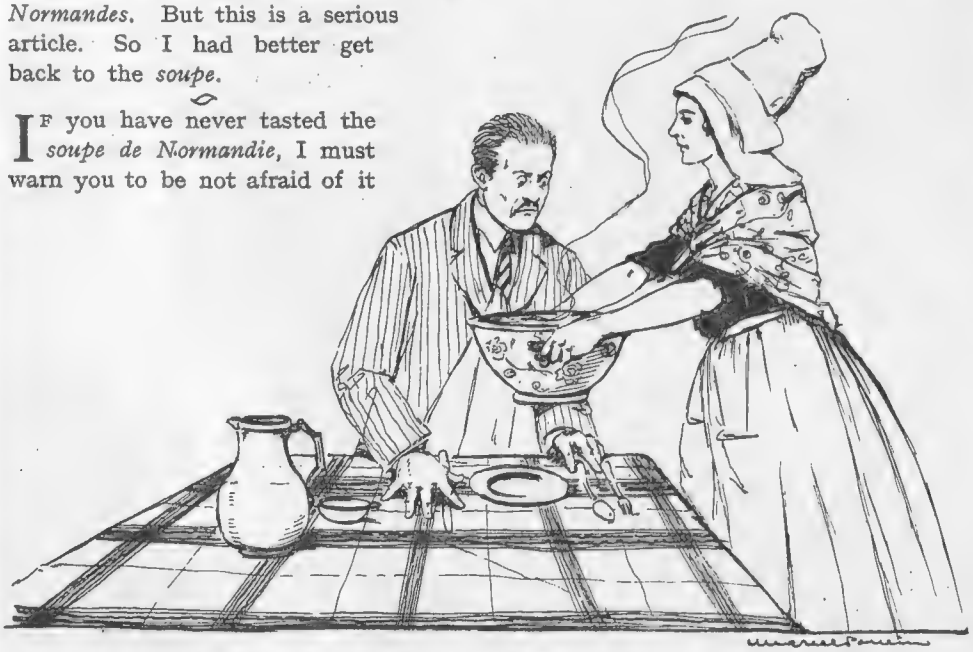
IF you have never tasted the *soupe de Normandie*, I must warn you to be not afraid of it by the looks. I shall never myself forgive, because I have passed it by for two days because it has seemed an unattractive mess of all the refuse from the potato and the cabbage-patch. On the third day I have had too much hunger to resist, and thus have made the acquaintance of one of the finest dishes of the *monde entier*. It may be urged that it is plebeian. For me it is as good as anything that can be served in palaces or *chez* Paillard. And then to be followed by lamb, fresh from the meadows by the sea, accompanied by *bon cidre—le vrai!* I, for one, ask of good cheer no more.

"Le bon cidre . . . le vrai!"

I HAVE said the "real" cider, because there is "the other." There is *mostly* the other. It is the other that one gets all of the time in Paris. I advise you never to drink the cider in Paris. It is as foolish as to ask for the tea. Except in the really English "five o'clocks" the tea is still looked upon as medicine, to be added most sparingly to the hot water. With the cider the "weak" result is similar, but the origin is different. One might sell in Paris the good cider if one got it. But it does not come. The farmer of Normandy is of the type of the native of Aberdeen, but is at the head of the clan. The native of Aberdeen has the reputation to make a hard bargain, but he does part with the goods. The cidermaker of Normandy both sells his cider and keeps it. He is the leading exponent of the world in the art to get the halfpenny and retain the ginger-bread.

IT is like this. First he drinks his cider. Then he fills up the barrel with water, and after he has given a stir to the sediment, which is strong enough to make the flavour, he sells it to "those fools in Paris." There is this to be said to his credit. He expects to be treated similarly by the provinces which sell the wine. And he generally is. The dealers of Bordeaux inflict the revenge for the sufferers of Paris. It is better to forget the existence of wine when one is in a village in Normandy. I do not at present wish to be reminded of it. But, there, I have all I want to make me contented. The greatest trouble is to resist the temptation to disclose the name of the village. But if I did I might lose my chance of the garden—with the fat peas, the raspberries, and Elik.

ROLAND



"An unattractive mess."

NOUVEAUX RICHES OF ALL COUNTRIES HOLIDAY MAKING IN FRANCE

THE APERITIF

IN THE SALON OF THE COUTURIERE

THE UP-TO-DATE YOUTH OF T... NOUVEAUX RICHES

TABLE D'HOTE AT A FASHIONABLE SEASIDE RESORT

SKETCHES BY ROSE LE QUESNE

It has long been an axiom that although money can be made anywhere, the only place on earth in which it can be properly spent is—Paris. Hence the present invasion of *La Ville Lumière* by the world's profiteers and their progeny, faithfully (if somewhat unsympathetically) portrayed by our artist on the spot

WHO'S WHO AT EPSOM

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

MR. JOSEPH WATSON'S LEMONORA
The Manton stable's second string

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

MR. W. E. WHINERAY'S LEIGHTON
The most heavily backed horse for the Derby

THE GREATEST DAY OF

RARELY has there been a more interesting Derby. Even the absence of train services will not prevent a vast crowd from mustering to see whether the unbeaten Leighton can remain invincible. Harry Cottrill believes he will, but Alec Taylor is quietly confident that Craig an Eran and Lemonora will prove too good for him.

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

"STEVE"

Donoghue, now back to form, is usually worth following in Derby week

Photograph *Sport and General*

LORD ASTOR'S CRAIG AN ERAN
Winner of the Two Thousand Guineas

THE "CRAIG AN ERAN" CONNECTIONS

CARICATURES BY "THE TOUT"

THE RACING SEASON

On this page you see these three crack colts, together with some personalities (admirably caught by our artist) who will be prominent at Epsom this week. Sir Henry Bird, in the top corner, is thinking of "what might have been" had Monarch been a stayer. Lord Londonderry is equally regretful over Polemarch's failure to improve.

(For further details and "Carbine's" tips, see page 555)

A Morning Dip

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

"This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the Summer heats"—THOMSON—*The Seasons*

"PINS AND NEEDLES!" AT THE ROYALTY

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

I UNDERSTAND that the title is intended to convey the idea that this revue is full of points; and there is besides, I take it, a delicate hint that it is not to be sat on. The revue opens, as many others have done, with a brief revelation of the troubles of a manager on the eve of production. In a playful scene, called "The Night Before," we are shown tiresome ballet girls who omit to put the best foot forward, and who show their naughty tempers by bursting into tears when they are reprimanded. Most of it is, no doubt, true to life; but there is one scene as to which I cannot help being a little sceptical. For instance, the leading lady is told abruptly that her voice is no good, and she is packed off the stage, while a clear call is made in her hearing for the understudy. And the leading lady goes off meekly without a word of protest. She does not turn on the manager and say it is a pity he cannot acquire the manners of a gentleman, or throw out plain hints that her people were driving their own car when his mother was taking in washing by the week. She just retires into oblivion and does not say a word—not even a bad one—and it seems to me so unlike real life.

A NEAT little preliminary skirmish is the "Marionette" dance performed by Miss Billie Hill and her chorus, all of whom manage very successfully to convey the idea that somebody at the back is pulling the strings, and that is why the figures are working. But there is a flash of genius about the next scene, entitled "The Immortal Barred." The idea is that Mr. Alfred Lester and Mr. Edmund Gwenn, with a proper reverence for the Swan of Avon, desire to give extracts from some of his best-known plays for the mental and moral improvement of the people. But the manager, with a sordid eye on the box-office receipts, will not allow undiluted Shakespeare. He wants, as it were, a little more water with it. Therefore, he stipulates that the Bard's immortal works must be gingered up a bit, and thus brought into line with modern ideas of refined and elevating entertainment. So we have first of all part of the graveyard scene from *Hamlet*, with a very creditable performance by Mr. Edmund Gwenn as the Prince of Denmark. The classic lines are handled with due respect until Hamlet gets hold of Yorick's skull, and then the cue is given to modernise the show. The skull, therefore, at once becomes a

talkative ventriloquist's dummy, and refuses to quit the stage until it has given its famous and successful song, "The Boys of the Old Brigade." Similarly, Mr. Alfred Lester as Othello, after a few harsh words with Desdemona, performs the well-known pillow act with the usual fatal result. Having thus conscientiously paid his tribute to genius, he hurries down the stage and flings himself hilariously into the mazes of a ragtime plantation ditty, while Desdemona, happily resurrected, sits up in bed and accompanies him with jovial energy on a noisy tambourine. Severely orthodox Shakesperian scholars will doubtless regard this sort of thing as bordering on the profane; but the rest of us, being only human, laughed very much in our poor, vulgar way at what we regarded as an excellent joke.

THE ending of the first act is the result of quite a brain wave. It is called "The Road to Epsom." There are painted figures on a screen with holes where the heads ought to be, so that members of the company can push their faces through and occupy the foreground of the picture. The climax of this scene is a very moving representation of Mr. Gwenn frantically and noisily bringing the winner of the Derby past the post, with the rest of the field nowhere; and the curtain falls on a wave of enthusiasm that must be both grateful and comforting to the hard-working company.

A SCENE that will be talked about is "The Vagaries of Fashion," during which superlatively gorgeous costumes are paraded by real mannequins to

the delight of the ladies; while the men, with their simpler tastes in these matters, will probably be interested in the mannequins for themselves alone. After that we get a little lecture on what you might call the physiology of finery. A lady representing Eve walks on the stage very simply clad—but not, of course, so simply as all that—and we are asked to note that even in primitive times a woman could become a decorative creature by wearing a necklace made of red berries strung together, and trailing behind her a light, leafy bough to serve as a train. The conclusion is that no matter how limited their means may be, the ladies will always find a way of ministering to their native vanity, although, of course, they will hate and despise me for calling attention to the fact.

A SCENE of simple but imposing splendour is "The Canopy." The curtain rises on a child's cot of liberal proportions, with a canopy about twelve feet high; and on the top of this Miss Fedora Roselli sings sweetly about babies and little things of that sort; while that bright child, Gabrielle Casartelli, plays with her toys awhile on the floor, and then goes to bed and draws the curtain, and puts out the light. It is, of course, all very fine and large; but I don't see how you could have a canopied cot like that in an ordinary home, because you would have to swarm up the hangings every morning to get the dusting done, and to see that the moth was not getting into the material. Miss Fedora Roselli has another splendid scene to herself called 'My China Maid"; and both the setting and the song are singularly beautiful. This is followed by a macaberesque scene on the lines of a Grand Guignol "thrill," entitled "The Last Dance." Two men have a row about a girl (where have I heard that story before?), and the man who is jilted takes a mean advantage by stabbing the girl in the neck with fatal results. Just then, a *gendarme* is observed to be approaching, and in order to avoid having to give an awkward explanation, the other man takes his dead sweetheart in his arms and waltzes round with her just as if she were not dead at all. This scene is very finely played by Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Alfred Austin, and Miss Billie Hill.

THERE have been many alterations and improvements since the first night, and the entertainment is no doubt even more lively than it was when I had the pleasure of seeing it. There is a fine spirit of optimism embodied in the show, the burden of which is the healthy sentiment that if only we will all pull together we will all get there. And so say all of us! *Pins and Needles* is distinctly one of the shows of Town that should not be missed.

JINGLE

BY MACMICHAEL

"SOME IMPRESSIONS OF "PINS AND NEEDLES" AT THE ROYALTY

THE AUTHOR-HUNTER

BY BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK R. GREY.

WHEN it became known one Sunday morning in June that Mr. R. K. Feneran had been found dead in a chair at his home on the preceding evening, a pang of genuine regret was felt by every educated speaker and reader of the English language.

Feneran was a man of nearly sixty years of age, and was at the height of his fame. He was the author of thirty novels and quite a number of sociological volumes. Of the novels it was impossible to read any one without joyously anticipating the reading of the other twenty-nine, and no serious person could regard Feneran's contributions to sociology as anything but genuine stimulants to the study of human culture. Not much was known of the man's personality, but his name was revered by all who enjoyed literary art.

He was found dead in his study, sitting at his desk. His hands gripped the arms of the big chair in which he sat when he wrote, and his head was resting on the top of the carved oak back. His eyes were shut. There was nothing in the expression of his face to suggest pain. The lips, indeed, seemed to be formed in a grim smile. His housekeeper said that she had often seen him sit like that, and that she could not say if he were sleeping or reflecting. She did not disturb the body when she saw it first, so accustomed was she to the attitude. Indeed, quite three hours elapsed from the moment of death until the frightened woman touched the rigid body of her master and then fled to the telephone.

There was an inquest, but as Feneran upon occasion had experienced trouble with his heart, the doctor's verdict of cardiac disease was accepted, and no post-mortem examination of the body was held. Feneran was buried in a beautiful cemetery near the sea, and a hundred famous men and women followed his coffin to the graveside.

Three months later Mr. Dion Breese died in exactly similar circumstances.

Dion Breese was, if possible, a better known man-of-letters than R. K. Feneran. He wrote a really good historical novel, the sort that both Prime Minister and general servant can enjoy, had given London at least three good plays, and, above all, was the greatest living master of the short story. He was reported to be paid anything from £300 to £500 by the great monthly magazines for a comparatively brief yarn, and America did not refuse any price he cared to suggest. Everyone knew his work, and not one in a thousand pooh-poohed it, a much more exceptional position for an author than some of the literary fraternity imagine.

Breese was found dead in a big leathern chair in front of a fire on a September evening. His wife was the first to discover the tragedy. She thought her husband was asleep, and tip-toed from the room. Presently the time arrived when they usually supped together, and Mrs. Breese returned to her husband's side. To her he seemed still asleep, and she bent over him to wake him with a kiss.

Poor Breese's forehead was cold to his wife's lips. She snatched at his arms and knew at once. She did not cry out, but fell across his knees and rolled unconscious to the floor. So a servant found her with the corpse.

Once more a wave of sympathetic regret swept through the world of those who love literature, and the tragedies of Feneran and Breese were quickly coupled. In a leading article it was suggested that enquiry should be made as to the effect upon the heart of constantly bending over a writing-desk. Breese was younger than Feneran, and in the early accounts it was stated that he was quite athletic, and had never had the slightest suspicion of any defect in his constitution. No one could refrain from commenting on the oddity of the fact that two men, equally eminent in the same profession, had died in precisely similar circumstances.

But Mrs. Breese, unlike the executors of Mr. Feneran, insisted on a post-mortem examination. The doctors stated at the inquest that they had found some kind of poison in the stomach.

This terrible story came into the newspapers at a time of general stagnation. The "silly season"

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was barely over, and for many weeks there had been scarcely a paragraph per paper to awaken public interest. Now came the news of the undoubted assassination or suicide of a great popular author, and, above all, an instant demand for the further investigation of the cause of R. K. Feneran's death. For many days no one talked of anything else in particular and the newspapers took care that no one read of anything else. Such a mystery, so unusual in character, so intriguing in personnel, had not been reported to a Fleet Street office for many years.

The body of R. K. Feneran was exhumed, and a few days later it became known that in this case also some kind of poison had been found in the stomach.

The inquests on the bodies were adjourned again and again, but the police could find no evidence of murder. The nature of the poison was a mystery, and the men, it appeared, were all but unknown to each other. They had died in the same way, but there had, apparently, been no communication between them. It seemed absurd to think of suicide in connection with such prosperous and care-free men, but there could not be found a tittle of evidence to suggest that the mysterious poison was anything but self-administered.

None took a keener interest in the tragic affair than the fraternity of men-of-letters, and amongst them there was no one more excited than Mr. Arthur Rothery.

Rothery, in addition to being a front-rank writer of fiction, knew a great deal about poison. He had once endeavoured to make a living as a scientific writer and lecturer, and accompanied Government expeditions to all parts of the world. When he discovered his gifts for story-telling, he put his earlier experiences to great use, and it may be guessed how this news of a strange poison appealed to his imagination. He thought there was no poison in the world likely to baffle him in regard to its ingredients, and he determined to put his knowledge at the service of the police. It also happened that he was a great friend of Mr. Dion Breese.

Rothery had a private secretary. She was a young and rather plain woman of considerable ability, and Rothery found pleasure in discussing affairs with her. She had been in his employ for seven years, and the two thoroughly understood each other

"I will find out what the poison is," Rothery promised Miss Hayes, "but I shall never know how Dion Breese came to swallow it."

"It looks to me like an accident," observed Miss Hayes.

"What's your theory?"

"Well, assuming that the poison in each case is the same——"

"That is an assumption. We can't be sure the doctors are right about that."

"Well, I hope that it will be found so. It will make the problem easier to solve." Miss Hayes at the conclusion of her day's work put her *pince-nez* in a little case.

"I'm hanged if I can see why," said Rothery.

"The men did not know each other. Yet each died of the same mysterious poison. Both were writers. Now what is there that writers use in common which might be the means of conveying poison through the mouth?"

Rothery stared at his private secretary with wrinkled brows. Then he stared all about his table.

(Continued on page 720)

"She bent over him to wake him with a kiss"

That Delightfu

—When the people arrive who have arranged (by le

ul Moment—

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

etter) to rent your cosy little furnished flat for the summer

"THE AUTHOR-HUNTER" (*continued*)

"You chew the end of your pen a good deal, Mr. Rothery. Perhaps Mr. Feneran and Mr. Breese did. Perhaps it so chanced that they bought the same kind of penholder at the same shop. Perhaps the varnish on the penholder, unknown to the manufacturer, contained a deadly poison. What do you think?"

Rothery picked up his pen and his face assumed such a comical expression that Miss Hayes laughed outright.

"Of course, that is a very far-fetched theory indeed. But authors put other things in their mouths besides penholders. Think now. Is there any kind of food or drink specially affected by literary men? Of course not. I have thought a lot about it. No special kind of tobacco, or pipe or cigarette holder that these two men might have got hold of?"

"What on earth could an author get hold of that wouldn't be used by other people?"

"Just so. If I could answer that question I think I'd be on the way to solving the mystery."

After a little delay, Rothery, on the strength of his reputation as a toxicologist, was allowed to examine the viscera of the two dead men. His examination took some days and he found a variety of experiments necessary. When he made his report to the police, they expressed considerable amazement. They told him that if his views were correct he had certainly provided a clue to the mystery, and so begged him to maintain absolute silence for a time. Rothery agreed, but he showed a duplicate of his report to his astute private secretary.

Miss Hayes was sitting at a small table just in front of Rothery's writing-desk. There had been a great deal of correspondence in addition to her normal day's typing, and she was obviously tired.

"You don't want me to read it right through," she said. "It looks so terribly technical."

"No. I'll tell you very shortly what it amounts to. But remember. Not a word to anyone outside this house, because the police think that what I have discovered may put them on the track."

Miss Hayes nodded assent.

"The poison, I am ready to stake my reputation, is Macoushi, so called after a tribe of Essequibo Indians who make it. The principal ingredient is a strange kind of vine, the juice of which alone is pretty unpleasant stuff. When the Indian has got enough of these plants he digs up a root of a very bitter taste, ties them together, and then looks for two kinds of bulbous plants which contain a green and glutinous juice. He scrapes the vine and the bitter root into thin shavings, and puts them into a kind of colander made of leaves. This he holds over an earthen pot and pours water on the shavings. The liquor which comes through looks like coffee. He then bruises the bulbous stalks and squeezes the juice through his hands into the pot. Lastly he adds the fangs of the Labarri snake and the Counacoushi snake, some freshly killed black and red ants, and some of the strongest Indian pepper. Some of these ingredients are probably unnecessary, but the mixture, after it has been boiled over a slow fire, is the deadliest poison in the world."

"What does the Indian use it for?" asked Miss Hayes, sleepily.

"For tipping his arrows, and—hello! you're pretty drowsy, aren't you?"

"Yes. Funny. Tipping his arrows? Do they . . . use it . . . any other way?" Her lips moved on, but she was inaudible.

Rothery stared at his secretary, and shouted "Wake up!" He stood up when the girl's chin sank forward on her breast. He leant over his table and touched her shoulder, but she did not respond. She appeared to be in a kind of stupor.

For a few moments Rothery remained staring at the woman. She tried to lift her head now and then, and her mouth opened and shut again, but she did not speak.

Then happened something which was a great deal more to Rothery's credit than any of his achievements in the worlds of science and literature. He suddenly became aware of what was taking place under his eyes, and without a quiver of the nerve-fibres flung himself upon the creature before him. With swift thoroughness he applied the violent measures necessary to procure counteraction in a palpable case of poisoning!

. . . .

At the urgent request of the police the case of Miss Hayes was kept out of the papers. Thanks to Rothery's knowledge of poisons and their antidotes she now lay in a private ward of a hospital. The poor girl was more dead than alive, but the doctors believed she would recover. She was unable to speak, and apparently recognised no one. Rothery, knowing what he did of the Macoushi poison, had not the smallest doubt that Miss Hayes was the victim of a plot designed for his own destruction. The

"For a few moments Rothery remained staring at the woman"

police view coincided with his, and the brightest brains of Scotland Yard were applied to the case with renewed determination.

Then Marshal Barriscale was found dead.

Barriscale, like Feneran, Breese, and Rothery, was a novelist of high standing. His work was not so universally acclaimed as Feneran's, and he did not command the prices of Breese, but he was a most prolific story-teller, and his name was a household word in the houses which exist for the sale of fiction. His work was extraordinarily popular with women, and the announcement of his name on the cover of a magazine was enough to sell out the edition.

He was found on a seat in his garden. He lived in a riverside village, and had, apparently, returned from an evening stroll, possibly to the post office to post his mail, to sit on a rustic seat on the lawn before his house. His pipe had dropped on the grass, and his hatless head was sunk on his breast. His hands were in his trouser pockets, and he seemed to have died quite painlessly. The post-mortem revealed the presence of a poison of the same character as had killed Feneran and Breese.

The public horror was profound, but agitation was greatest in police and literary circles. The former had to bear the abuse that failure to arrest crime invariably entails, and the writing profession had the query "Who next?" constantly dancing before their eyes. Many popular authors fled in panic to the Continent, accompanied by lesser lights, who for the first time in their lives desired nothing less ardently than fame and publicity.

Excitement was at its height, when, one evening, to the police officer who always sat near her bedside, Miss Hayes spoke.

"The letter book, the letter book," she said.

Rothery was hastily summoned. When he arrived Miss Hayes had relapsed into a state of unconsciousness. Rothery with the police specialist discussed the possible meaning of the exclamation. The novelist was able to tell that his secretary kept a register of correspondence, both in-coming and out-going, which she always called her "letter book," but it was difficult to see what this could have to do with the poisoning. All night they watched by her bed.

In the early hours of the following morning she called out, and Mr. Rothery's name was heard in the midst of much that was unintelligible.

Rothery leant eagerly over the poor woman, and presently to his great relief, a look of recognition came into her face.

"The letter book," she cried again. "The letter book! You'll find him in there."

"Say what you mean!" cried Rothery, but poor Miss Hayes was again unconscious.

An hour later Rothery handed over the register of his correspondence to Scotland Yard. Within two hours of this action a man was arrested for the murders of Feneran, Breese, and Barriscale, and for the attempted murder of Miss Hayes.

The public relief at the arrest was very great, but considerable patience had to be exercised before the case against the prisoner was expounded. Rothery, as an assistant in the affair, was told the full story on the day of the arrest.

"The man, as you may well guess," said the chief of the detective service, "is a madman. He is a clerk on the staff of a museum, poorly paid, and tries to enlarge his income by writing stories for the magazines. None of these is ever published, and the fact seems to have turned his head. He has conceived that all successful authors are his enemies, and have conspired to prevent the production of his work. Outrageous as it may seem, the poor fool has planned to exterminate every author whom he regards as standing in his way. Under his hand in the museum where he works was a gourd full of the Macoushi poison you have described. He knew all about its properties, and he has been putting them to this dreadful use."

"But how? But how?"

"Well, you know what Miss Hayes said about your letter book. The last outgoing letter, posted, by the way, a few minutes before Miss Hayes was taken ill under your eyes, was addressed to this man at his lodging at Walham Green. I made enquiries as to the character and occupation of all the people whose names appeared in the last page of your correspondence register, and suspicion immediately fell upon this man when we discovered that he worked at a museum where a poison such as you have described might conceivably be found. As a matter of fact, he confessed as soon as we questioned him, with all a madman's venom and vanity."

"But that doesn't tell me how he administered the poison to his victims."

"He wrote to them asking for their autographs and enclosed a stamped and addressed envelope. When the sender of the autograph licked the flap of the envelope to fasten it, he licked up some of this Macoushi poison. At any rate, Feneran, Breese, and Barriscale must have done. You, apparently, leave the envelope-licking to your secretary."

. . . . . .

When, a year later, Arthur Rothery asked Miss Hayes to marry him, she protested that he could not want so plain a wife.

"You are beautiful," said the novelist, "principally because you nearly died for me." B. M. H.

A Footnote

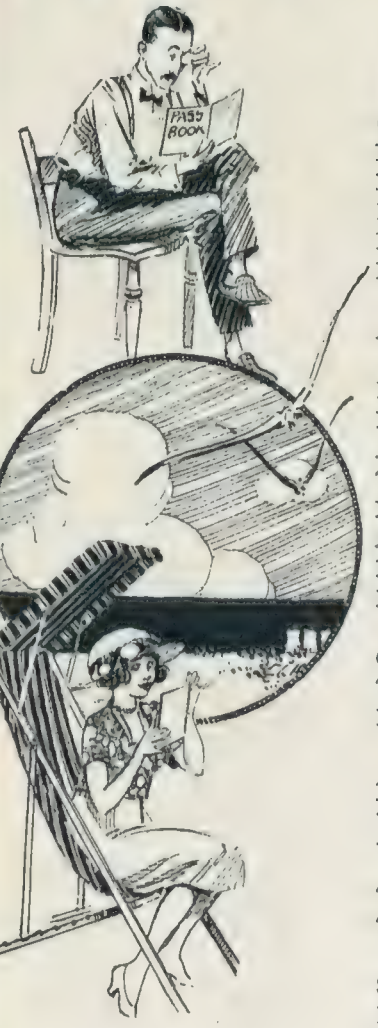
BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

"A DIVINITY THAT SHAPES OUR ENDS"

(And her own, too, for that matter)

AN INVERTED IDYLL

BY A. A. THOMSON



JOHN was the son of a noble house
And as poor (of course) as a small church mouse;
He lived, as at present, the well-born must,
From day to day on a humble crust.
But ev'ry June he would scrape and save
For one wild week by the witching wave;
He'd mix with the rich (which he didn't oughter)
And pose as a wealthy railway porter.

Beachwards he sauntered each A.M.,
For he was a man of means, *pro tem.*,
And by the silvery sea he found
The thing that makes the world go round.
He met a maid on that sun-kissed beach,
A dream, a vision, a perfect peach,
Fair as the fragrant rose in summer,
But she was the daughter of a plumber.

Our hero aspired to this haughty girl
Though he was but the son of an earl,
For the thing to which—see Shelley or Burns—
A young man's fancy lightly turns
Drove him to woo one far above him
And—strange!—the maiden learned to love him.
There are no heights man may not win to,
Through the thing that pity is akin to.

So the *soi-disant* working-man
Forgot his poverty's cruel ban,
Till the mad, glad week at length was ended—
Then he confessed (as here appended):
"Forgive, forgive me, my dearest Maud,
I am a craven, contemptible fraud.
Despite my dickey and bowler hat,
Alas, I am only an aristocrat."

But the maiden's voice (like a silver bell)
Replied: "I have told you fibs as well;
Affection's the only thing that *I* count
And father is merely a humble viscount."
So they embraced for they heard the call
Of the thing that's supposed to conquer all;
Need it be said that I allude to
The thing that music is the food to?

This never happened? Perhaps you're right,
But nowadays it easily might.

HOWARD K. ELCOCK

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Summer Nightmares

A GOOD SUGGESTION FOR STUFFY SUMMER NIGHTS

from Heath Robinson

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

TO THE RESCUE

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

DON'T GET DEPRESSED; THIS IS SIMPLY YOUR SEASIDE SUMMER HOTEL IN JANUARY

JUMPERING TO CONCLUSIONS

By Elsa Courlander

Child: "Can I have a little sister?"
Mother (*knitting her 16th jumper*): "Yes, Yes,"
Child: "Is it going to be knitted?"

A Slight Omission

BY G. TREMAINE

"Hullo! That you, Betty?"

"Yes, dear."

"Heard the great news?"

"What news, dear?"

"Purple Emperor's won the Winchester Cup. Twenty-five to one. Result just through."

"Purple Emperor? Is that *your* horse, dear?"

"Rather! Had a tenner on. That's two hundred and fifty to come."

"How splendid!"

"Say, Betty?"

"Yes, dear."

"The boys in the office here are as mad about it as I am. Keep coming to congratulate me. I'd like to give 'em a treat to celebrate my good fortune, so I'm bringing two or three of 'em home to-night."

"We've nothing in the house, dear."

"That's why I'm ringing you. Want you to run round to Maybury's and order one of their large veal and ham pies. And, while you're there, get a selection of fancy pastries—best in the shop. And, Betty?"

"Yes, dear."

"We shall need some liquid refreshment. Drop in at Bond's and ask them to send round a dozen Château Latour and six magnums of G. H. Mumm. And tell 'em to put in a bottle of good old liqueur brandy. And Betty?"

"Yes, dear."

"You'll want some cash. In the third drawer left of my writing-desk you'll find a roll of notes—put aside for rates and next quarter's rent. Use the lot if necessary. We shall still have a bit to spare out of the two-fifty. Ha! Ha! Bye, bye, old thing! See you shortly."

. . . .

Hardly had the last stroke of midnight boomed from a neighbouring church-tower when the respectable quietude of Sycamore Avenue was broken by the opening and shutting of doors, the scuffle of feet, the confused murmur of voices, and other familiar accompaniments to the break-up of a convivial gathering.

"Good-night, Langton!" "Thanks for a ripping evening!" "Hope you'll soon back another winner!" "Make it a double next time!"—mingled with the sound of retreating footsteps.

The host locked the front door, and returned to his own fireside. Betty sat opposite in a limp attitude for which the bewildering succession of the day's events and the generous

(*Continued on page 535*)

BY APPOINTMENT
Makers to H.M. the King

ROWNTREE'S
Riviera

ROWNTREE'S
Emperor

Rowntree's Chocolates

"The Standard of Excellence"

A SLIGHT OMISSION (concluded)

vintages of champagne were jointly responsible.

"Seem to have enjoyed themselves," observed Langton.

"Yes, I think so."

"Not sure about *you*, however. You wear a somewhat worried expression."

"I, Ken? Oh, no! Of course, one can't help feeling a trifle anxious. It's been a very expensive evening. And we havn't got the money—yet."

"Not got the money? What do you mean?"

"Well, you havn't got it yet, dear, have you?"

"What, to-night? Give us a chance! You don't suppose the bookies keep an aeroplane tethered to the Judge's Box, do you? We shall have it right enough in the morning."

"They—the bookmakers—won't run away, will they?"

"Run away? What, do you think I bet on the course? Ha! Ha! Why, you little simpleton, Lancaster and Matthews, *my* agents, are among the biggest people in the whole country. They'd write you out a cheque for fifty thou' with as little concern as one for forty shillings. The fact is you're tired, little woman. Just you toddle off to bed, and don't worry. I'll follow after I've had a smoke."

"WITH SILENT FRIENDS" By Oswald Cuningham

She: "What's wrong with that horrid fellow behind us?—he has followed us for the last hour and looks *so* fiercely at you."

He: "Oh, that's all right—that's my pal—we're just down for the day together."

Left alone, Mr. Kenneth Langton assumed the insignia of his leisured ease—a faded dinner-jacket and an old briar pipe. He lay back in the chair, puffing away in subdued ecstasy. Two hundred and fifty pounds! Not a great sum nowadays, true! Sufficient, however, to purchase a little extra luxury.

Not enough to invest—but a motor-cycle and side-car! Ah, that was something tangible! Already he saw himself spinning through the country lanes, past old-timbered farm houses, and clematis-wreathed cottages, with Betty smiling beside him.

His pipe had gone out in the delightful reverie. He thrust a hand in the pocket of the dinner-jacket for the box of matches which he always kept there. It touched something crumply.

Out came an envelope addressed in his own handwriting to Messrs. Lancaster and Matthews, Commission Agents. A queer sensation came over him. The envelope contained instructions to those gentlemen to put him Ten Pounds on Purple Emperor. It was sealed with red wax, and stamped ready for the post.

Only—somehow—he had forgotten to post it!

G. T.

The Aspiring Swimmer

By SIDNEY G. HEDGES

I WAS strolling on the sands; she sat there,
Dressed in topping shapely white—glorious hair.
I dropped down and simply looked,
Utterly, completely hooked,
Till she rose and walked away—I felt a bear.

She went straight to the Pavilion, ladies' side,
Clearly anxious for a bathe, not to hide;
For she took a towel I saw,
As I sprang for the men's door
And prepared to trail the girl I'd named my bride.

I was already on the sands when she came out.
Her form, lithe, perfect, put my wits to rout.
She wore a costume neat,
Not one silly frill or pleat;
She meant swimming, not parading, without doubt.

She stepped into the water, I behind
Prayed the gods would look on me and be but kind.
She entered to her waist;
Glanced around, and then in haste
Dipped her head—with only half a mind.

By Victor Hicks

WHY NOT TRY IT ON "THOSE TERRIBLE TWINS"?

A French electrician claims to have invented a machine to produce sleep

By Victor Hicks

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

A leopard changes his spots

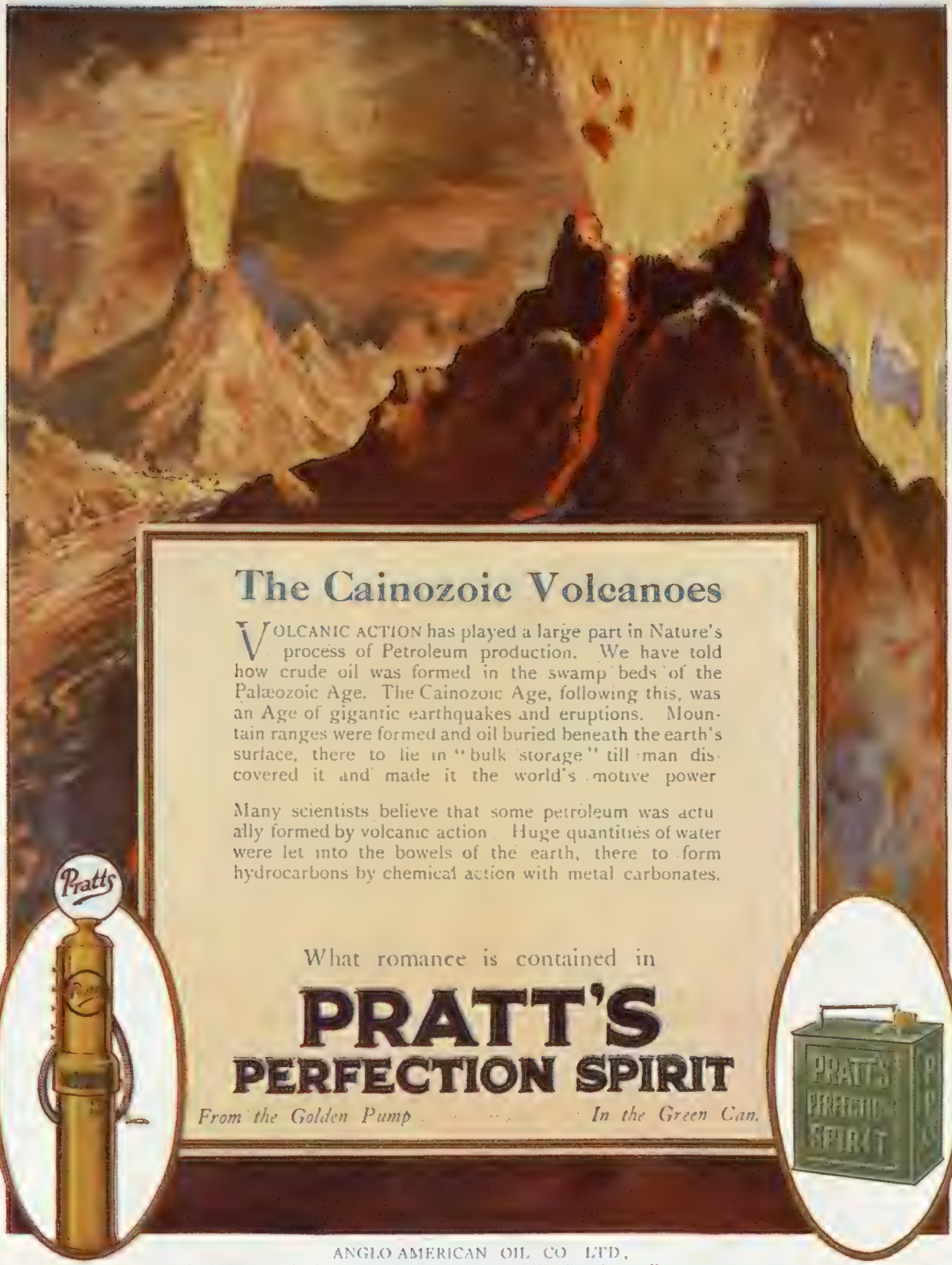
She seemed nervous, I drew nearer as she splashed
Then she stumbled, disappeared, and up I dashed—
Seized a wondrous-moulded arm,
Raised it's owner up from harm
To her feet—a look of gratitude she flashed.

Thus it happened that she spoke to me.
I proffered hints on swimming, until she
Said she'd simply love to learn
If she knew just where to turn
For a teacher—nice—and trustworthy.

So for a time I lived in rapturous bliss;
I taught her swimming, oft I stole a kiss;
Above the waves I held her lovely chin,
Her tapered fingers guided out and in—
Not for one day her lesson did she miss.

Then in a cinema's warm, quivering glimmer
A news-film made my eyes grow dimmer:
"A lady aspirant," it said.
"To Captain Webb a rival's bred"—
My feigning learner was a Channel Swimmer.

The Story of Nature's Bulk Storage : No. 3



The Cainozoic Volcanoes

VOLCANIC ACTION has played a large part in Nature's process of Petroleum production. We have told how crude oil was formed in the swamp beds of the Palæozoic Age. The Cainozoic Age, following this, was an Age of gigantic earthquakes and eruptions. Mountain ranges were formed and oil buried beneath the earth's surface, there to lie in "bulk storage" till man discovered it and made it the world's motive power

Many scientists believe that some petroleum was actually formed by volcanic action. Huge quantities of water were let into the bowels of the earth, there to form hydrocarbons by chemical action with metal carbonates.

What romance is contained in

PRATT'S PERFECTION SPIRIT

From the Golden Pump ... *In the Green Can.*

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Head Office: 36, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W. Branches & Depots everywhere.

OLYMPIAN LAUGHTER

A FANTASY
BY
DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

ILLUSTRATED
BY
H. R. MILLAR

It was an idle, hot day on Olympus, and Jupiter was nodding. Mercury had stolen some of Jupiter's thunder and had rolled it into balls and was playing bowls with Vulcan, and Juno smiled each time a ball hit the Jack, because it growled. In the Elysian Fields Hebe and Iris were picking poets' asphodel; while Diana was going through her exercises, using a rainbow for a skipping rope. An idle day.

Even the winds were asleep in their cave, and Ceres lay full length on the grass playing with a cloud of various coloured butterflies.

Then Jupiter woke, and in his voice of thunder called for Iris, and as she, the light-footed, ran to him, so also came the nine Muses (the names of whom tax the memory of man), and with them came Neptune and Minerva from her study, her owl upon her shoulder, and Diana with her greyhounds straining on the leash. Mortals would not for certain know them, as some that day were called by Grecian names and some by Latin, as was their habit; but Hermes the Messenger was there, and Pan.

"We are bored," thundered Jupiter.

At that no end of ideas were put forward for entertainment. Zephyrus who "took flowers laughing by the chin," had an idea to make play with people in the cities, and to blow them gently hither and thither; Neptune, with Boreas, was for a great cyclone, lifting whole towns by the roots, and setting them down in strange places; Diana, the crescent moon glowing on her forehead, was for showing how she could capture leopards in the chase and bring them tame to the very feet of Jupiter; Vulcan, the mighty Smith, and founder of the great family of that name, cried that he would weld a ring of gold without heat or anvil, but by the strength of his hands.

To all these Jupiter replied, "We are not amused."

Pan then made some ridiculous suggestions about a goat, a "kidling blythe and merry," but was frowned at.

Thereupon Iris, the silver sandalled, with her voice like early morning dew, spoke in her shy way, and said that if she were allowed to go down to the world below she thought she could find something to amuse them.

"My child," said Jupiter, whose voice so echoed through the spaces that all in the world thought it was about to rain. "Take a cake of ambrosia with you, the bee bread of the Gods, and a flask of nectar and set about your Argosy."

So Iris, the colour of whose hair was like young cowslips, stepped forth to the venture. And the Gods nodded.

. . . .

"I am here, O Jove," said Iris. And it was seen that she had some small parcel in the folds of her skirts which were made of sea foam, moonlight, and gossamer.

All eagerly the Gods came gathering round, and at a sign from Jupiter, Iris, the lily handed, brought forth first her story.

Beginning with a deep obeisance, she commenced: "In a land of domes and minarets, of grave, bearded men, I found two things, the one of beauty, the other of fun, they are first a tulip, or tuliban, called so from the many twisted multi-coloured turbans men wear in those parts, and the other they call a Persian kitten of the colour of smoke blue."

Then to the Gods' amaze she placed at the feet of Jupiter her offerings.

At first the kitten affected to be as bored as Jove himself. It gave a mighty yawn and then a long, luxurious stretch, after which, with glowing amber eyes, it regarded the assembled Gods with more than Royal disdain.

"A lordly beast," said Juno.

Thereupon the kitten gave forth a rumbling sound as it were of cotton-wool engines going at full speed over velvet lines.

"It hath a strange speech," said Jupiter.

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 540)

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

"FLOTSAM"

"OLYMPIAN LAUGHTER" (continued)

At that the kitten espied the tulip, and putting forth a paw as soft as swan's down, it patted the tulip and sprang back in mimic fear. All eyes watched this antic creature. Now it dashed forward, now back, now it rolled over, now seized the tulip in its teeth, until the every action of this midget battle made more and more broad the smiles on the faces of the company.

At last, in miniature passion, it tore the beautiful flower into tatters, staggered away, lost interest, and springing into the lap of the great Jupiter himself sat there and calmly cleaned itself, and in a moment curled up and fell asleep.

To protect the kitten, Jupiter covered it with his hand, and then, feeling the soft rise and fall beneath, bethought him of an idea. "This sweet thing," said he, "I shall change into a tree which shall have its colour and its humour, and the tree shall be called Eukaluptos (meaning in the Greek, "covered," seeing that it lay under his hand).

. . . .

Now, on another time, Iris was sent for again, and she, whose arms were white as new-peeled willow wands, came and stood before Jupiter, obedient to his every command.

"My child," he said, "take a little honey and some almonds against the journey, and bring us some toy again to entertain us."

So she, moving with the grace of swaying barley, obeyed his behest.

. . . .

"Great Jove! I am here," she said. And it was seen that she had a parcel wrapped in white lamb's wool, which parcel she carried very carefully in her arms.

Iris, upon whose cheeks lay the faint rose-colour of excitement, said even to the mighty Jupiter, "Hush." Then, with a tender smile playing upon her lips, she opened the covering of lamb's wool and placed upon the soft grass—a baby.

At first it did not move, but lay there while the Gods looked on in

"First of all came out the great hand of Vulcan"

silent wonder, for it was a fat naked baby, with abundance of fat creases about it and curled up toes, and hands shut, but like roses about to open. And Iris, whose touch was like the gentle flutter of young leaves, chucked it under the chin.

It opened its eyes, eyes of Heaven's blue, and smiled and chuckled. And all the Gods silently looked, scarcely daring to breathe.

Anon, smiling up at Iris, it rolled over, and solemnly began to crawl to where Jupiter sat enthroned.

"Take this lightning away," whispered Jupiter to Hebe. "It might burn itself."

"This I stole as it slept by its mother," said Iris.

Then did this baby put out a hand, and, clutching wildly at the robe of Jupiter, it raised itself upon its feet, and, slightly staggering as it held on to a fold of the robe, it smiled back. Disaster followed; with the softest, but the suddenest of bumps, it sat down. Instantly the hands of Iris, of Minerva, of Hebe, of Diana, of Juno, and the nine Muses were outstretched, but first of all came out the great hand of Vulcan, a hairy hand horned with the shaft of his huge hammer, and this the baby seized and pulled itself erect again, then, seeing the kind smile of the bearded smith, it crowed, and a little dribble of delight ran from its mouth.

With this sign of joy, this bubble over of an exquisite emotion, came also a ripple of low laughter from the Gods.

"To me," said Iris, all her virginal beauty radiant, kneeling with arms outstretched. With infinite solemnity and the gait of one slumberous with wine, the baby loosed its hold from the great forefinger of Vulcan, and essayed its first momentous voyage of three feet to those open arms.

"This we will keep," said Jupiter, "and I will change it into . . ."

"No," cried Iris, disobedient for once, "it must go to its mother." And with that, ignoring the surprised company, curled the baby into the crook of her arm in the most professional manner, and fled away, leaving all the Gods and Goddesses awaiting the terrible wrath of Jove. But he, stroking his beard, said, "The girl is right." And the Gods nodded.

. . . .

But, though the Gods had smiled, even covertly laughed, there had been heard none of that roaring, robust laughter, which, when profound, brings out surprised spring flowers to greet an astonished world.

"OLYMPIAN LAUGHTER" (*concluded*)

The time was ripe for homeric laughter, and again Iris, swift-footed, her eyes shining like the gleam of sun on wet pavements, presented herself before the august presence.

"My child," said Jupiter. "Take cowslip wine and marchpane (or, as the Greeks call it, 'Marzipan,' being a paste of powdered almonds and sugar. And very delicious) and hie thee to the earth, and there find something to cause us gusts of uproarious laughter."

Now this placed Iris, whose ears were like sweet shells, in a quandary. A little smudge of perplexity showed upon her brow. What, was her thought, is the most, the very most ridiculous thing in the world. An owl in the daytime is ridiculous; a lamb skipping in the fields is ridiculous; a man chasing a hat is ridiculous; but . . . and the smudge of perplexity vanished. Iris had an idea, and as the clouds smile when the warm sun breaks through them, it was her face smiling also.

. . . . .

"Father of Olympus," said Iris, "I am here. But let me beg of you that the cloak of invisibility be over the Gods."

This being accomplished, Iris blew three notes upon a blade of grass held, as every child knows, between the two thumbs, and there appeared first a youth with a look of peevish discontent upon his face, and then a maid, whose mouth was twisted into a little curve of scorn.

To hear them wrangle!

"Oh!" cries the maid. "To think I ever talked to you!"

"You *did* make eyes at him," says the youth, hotly.

"And why not?" says she. "My eyes are my own."

"Such an one!" he exclaims.

"There are as many fish in the sea as ever came out of it," says she.

It was all, as the Latins have it, a will o' the wisp of a quarrel, *ignis fatuus*, but for all the foolish fire there was little venom in it.

They parted. They swore never to meet again. They gazed hungrily at one another. They lingered, each hoping the other would give in, each longing to give in. She pretended to cry, and he steeled himself. Then she did truly weep. "Ah, cruel," she whispered. In an instant he had her in his arms, and she, weeping on his shoulder, lied cheerfully. "It was but my foster brother." At which he began to upbraid himself, and so, walking, his arm about her waist, she clinging to him, they passed out of sight.

And the Gods roared and rocked with laughter. "Iris," quoth Jove, "this was indeed a great idea. Here have we the most ridiculous thing in the world, a lovers' quarrel. Thou art, indeed, a clever child. But listen," said he, with tears of honest merriment standing in his eyes. "We have teased the world enough, now we will make amends to these lovers. Come, all of you, and bring gifts."

. . . . .

There is a cottage in a green place between two hills. Before it is a sward of grass, beyond that a beach of golden sand, and then the sea. And round about the cottage is a garden all pricked and starred with flowers; and a fair plant of jasmine mingles with a Seven Sisters rose across the porch.

Each Muse has given a gift to the lovers there, so that music and song, poetry and dancing, a knowledge of the stars, of tragedy and of fun are in that house.

And the Gods have given Youth and Strength and Beauty and Wisdom, but there is no priggishness there, and for all these great gifts the lovers are human.

They are human enough even to have a Persian kitten and a baby, and to love the eucalyptus tree which gives them shade, and to be very proud of their tulips. But, should a frown appear on his face or upon hers, one or other of them will put up a finger and say, "Listen, the Gods are laughing," and then they are in each other's arms in a minute.

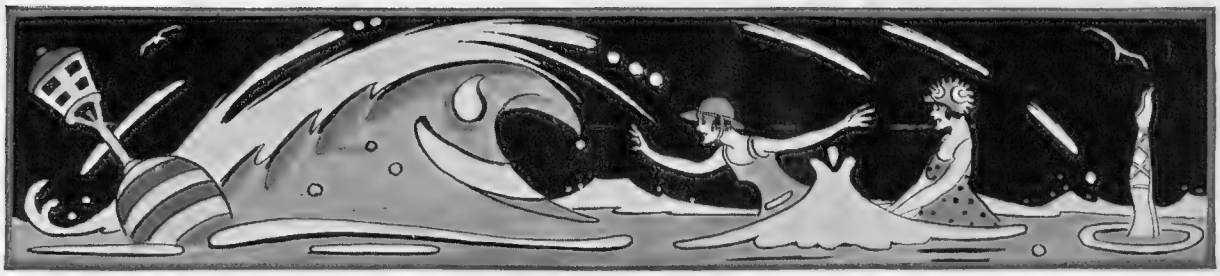
DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

"Each hoping the other would give in"

THE TOWN

BY HIGGINS

OUNCILLOR



TEASING THE OCEAN By Victor Hicks

Truths and Trifles

A DERELICT balloon landed last week in a farmyard near Paris. We suppose the occupants foolishly alighted before the balloon had stopped.

* * *

A TRANSFER fee of £6,000 has been paid for a professional footballer. It almost looks as if footballers were becoming as expensive as lumps of coal.

* * *

DEAN INGE likes attending dinners because they cheer him up. Judging from recent results the reverend gentleman must be trying to beat the fasting record.

* * *

SIR HALL CAINE'S latest literary work is entitled *The Master of Man*—it is a novel, NOT an autobiography as might have been deduced.

* * *

IT does not appear to be generally known that Chestnut Sunday is so called because on that day famous comedians foregather, and swop stories.

FREE !

(" *Paris has decreed that corsets must go.*"—DAILY PAPER.)

PHILLIDA, you have often raged
Against the wrongs of womankind,
Saying that you were creatures caged,
" Cribb'd, cabin'd, and confin'd."

To win the vote you made things hum—
Biting policemen did not fail
To earn a martyr's crown, and some
Depressing nights in gaol.

Laughing to scorn archaic bonds,
Conventions of a bygone day,
You loudly called for magic wands
To sweep the chains away.

Liberty you aspired to gain,
Emancipation was the goal
You strove so fiercely to attain—
Freedom beyond control.

Rejoice ! Acclaim the Gallic coup ! . . .
Fashion comes speeding to your aid,
For Paris has decreed that you
Must be no longer STAYED !

E. L. ROBERTS

ACCIDENTAL pressure on the spine has caused a child to prattle unintelligibly and without ceasing for 236 hours. The report that the Cabinet has consented to be X-rayed is at present unconfirmed.

* * *

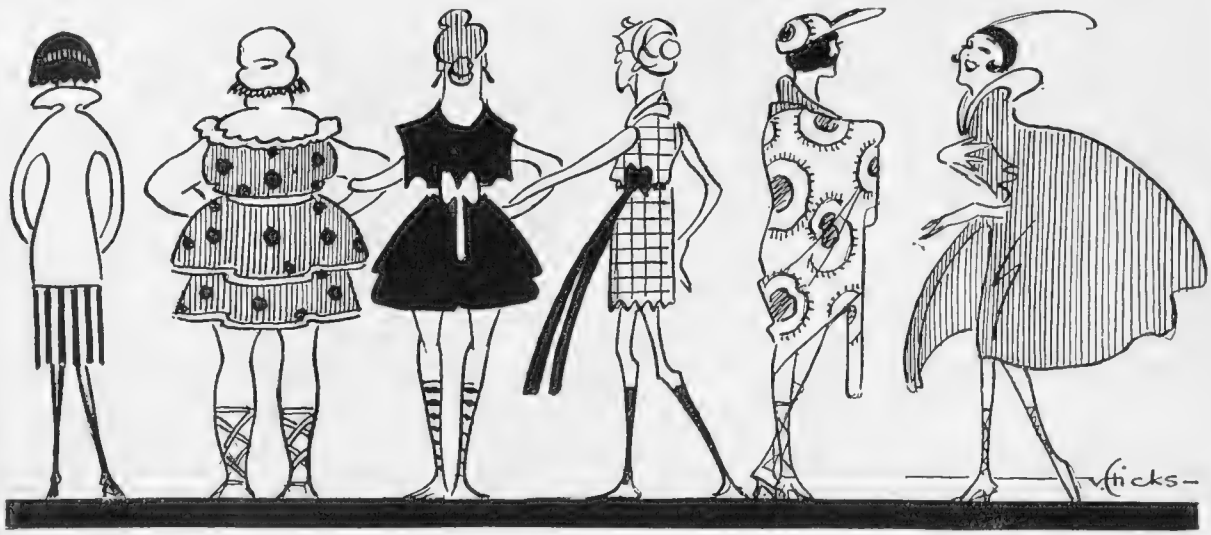
WHAT is described as " a great hole in the Thames " has been discovered, but boating parties need not be alarmed as a special supply of water has now been obtained to fill the depression.

* * *

THE cost of the CIVIL Services is to be reduced. It is understood that this economy will not entail any lowering of the standard of civility adopted by the ladies who condescend to sell postage stamps occasionally.

* * *

" MEN possessing real genius are seldom happy in their marriages," recently stated a weekly journal. We have since written to deny this statement, adding that we are most happily mated.



SUMMER GIRLS—SOME ARE NOT By Victor Hicks

Derby Day Madness

BY G. E. STUDDY

The sort of thing that would happen if we took the reports literally

BY FRANK H. MASON

ROUNDING THE OUTER MARK—"OUT SPINNAKERS"

Photographs
H. S. B. TUBBS
Beaten in the semi-final by A. J. Graham

Photographs
B. DARWIN
Beaten in the semi-final by W. I. Hunter

Sport and General
A. J. GRAHAM
Who played W. I. Hunter in the final, and lost

Topical Press
W. I. HUNTER
He met A. J. Graham in the final, and won by 12 and 11

The Four Semi-Finalists in the Amateur Golf Championship at Hoylake last week.

SPORTS & PASTIMES

GOLF

For Which Relief Much Thanks

THE men who took part in the successful repulse of the American invasion at Hoylake last week have filled our hearts with joy and gladness. But we have good cause to feel happier still when we reflect what a frantic hullabaloo would have been raised in the Press if Messrs. Evans, Ouimet, Jones, and Co., had been Englishmen, instead of Americans, competing in the Amateur Championship of some other country — say America—instead of at Hoylake. Columns upon columns of inky tears would have been shed over this fresh blow at our prestige in International sport; articles on "What is wrong with English Golf," and "Why we Lost" would have overrun the newspapers like weeds, and the correspondent (anonymous), who is never tired of exhorting England to wake up, would have had the time of his life.

Good Enough

As it is, and because the Americans are Americans and not Englishmen, we are mercifully left to the undisturbed digestion of actual facts instead of being crammed with fiction arising out of them. We know that there is nothing whatever the matter with America's golf, and that their failure last week does not alter the fact that her leading Amateurs are very fine players indeed. But since golf is a game—and a game moreover the uncertainty of which constitutes its chief fascination—it so happened that they struck opponents sooner or later who, on the day, were capable of beating them. They were good enough to win, and there were others equally good. Let us hope that the fact that it was one of those others, and not one of themselves, who ultimately got home will not deter them from having another go next year.

Photographs *Sport and General*
CRICKET COMICALITIES
In the match in which the Australians beat the M.C.C. last week at Lords. In the upper picture, Brown (G.), having just 'dived" unsuccessfully at a ball hit to leg by C. E. Pellew, looks as if he is about to turn a somersault. In the lower, W. Bardsley, thrown off his balance by a nasty one from Durston, is jumping his wicket in order to avoid knocking it over

LAWN TENNIS

The First Davis Cup Tie

LAST week, at Hendon, the British Isles won the first three matches of their Davis Cup tie against Spain, and with them the rubber. Consequently, the two remaining Singles, played on the third day, did not affect the result. Yet they were fought out with just as much keenness as if the issue still hung in the balance, and when they were over one could not help feeling that if the draw had worked out differently, that is to say, if the third day's Singles had come first, and the first day's Singles last, there might have been a very close finish indeed, and our men might have found themselves battling desperately for the odd match.

Spain's Champion

MANUEL ALONSO, the Spanish Champion, played a really beautiful game against F. G. Lowe on the third day. There is no stroke in the game of which he is not a complete master, except, perhaps, the smashing of deep lobs, though anything which is not deep he can punish as well as anybody. The pace and low

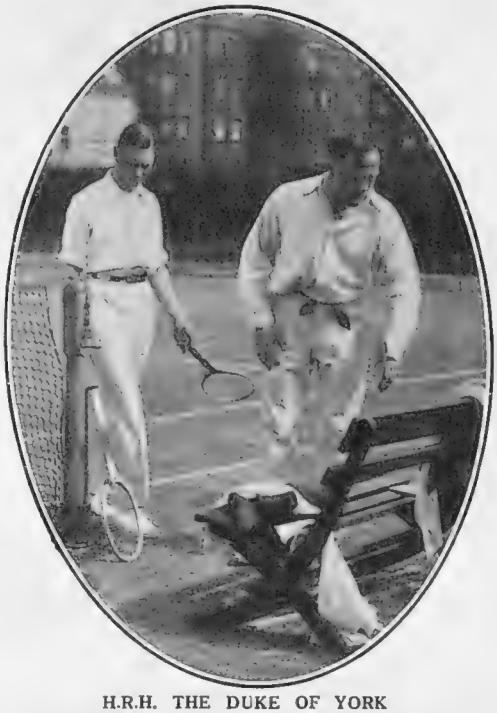
trajectory of his graceful top-spin drives enable him to attack nearly all the time, and on the volley his delicacy of touch is remarkable. Lycett, at his best, beat him on the first day, but I doubt whether even Lycett at his best could have held him on his form of the third day against Lowe. It is good news that he is coming to Wimbledon where I predict that he will be much in the public eye.

A Useful Couple

COUNT DE GOMAR, who was Spain's other Singles representative and also partnered Alonso in the Doubles match, is a player of a different type, a trifle more aggressive, perhaps, than Lowe, but, like Lowe, a man who makes "safety first" his watchword, and keeps his hard shots for special occasions. Lowe and Lycett both beat him, but they had to run many weary miles in order to do it. As a pair Alonso and Gomar are quite first-class. They were beaten by Lycett and Max Woosnam; but up to a point it was a very near thing indeed, and if the match were to be played over again to-morrow the Spaniards would find plenty of backing. Nor is it only for their play that they have gained esteem. Their charming manners and good sportsmanship won the hearts of all with whom they came in contact.

Future Arrangements

LAST week's was the only tie of the series to be played in this country. France plays all India in Paris between July 16 and July 20, and Australasia and Canada are to meet in Canada on July 23, 24 and 25, whilst all the remaining ties will be played in the country of the holders, America. Our men will, therefore, have to proceed to that country where their next job will be to play the winners of Australasia *v.* Canada, who, we may be tolerably certain, will be Australasia, and the survivors of this encounter should go to the final and there meet the survivors in the other half of the draw, who will, unless anything unforeseen occurs, be either France or Japan, whose chances are greatly enhanced now that Shimidzu (who, by the way, is also coming to Wimbledon) can play for them.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK

Photographed in the course of a practice match at Lawn Tennis with Commander Greig on the Queen's Club Courts last week. Their opponents were the two professionals, Read and Hierons

America's Trump Card

BUT whoever the ultimate challengers will be one cannot envy them their lot against the Americans, who, formidable enough anywhere, will be doubly formidable in their own country where the damp heat, for those who are not acclimatised to it, can be more trying than the heat of any other country in the world. Nevertheless, it is gratifying to find that, although the chances of the Cup's changing hands have seldom, if ever, been more remote, the number of nations who are competing for the honour of challenging the holders is the largest on record.

ROWING

The Eights at Oxford

EIGHTS week at Oxford, which finished last Wednesday, was rendered more than usually enjoyable by the uninterruptedly fine weather. There was a record entry of thirty-four boats in the three divisions, and the rowing showed a decided improvement upon that of last year; in fact, it is now almost, if not quite, up to pre-War standard. Magdalen, with the Blues, Earl and Nickalls of this year's Oxford crew, and Durand of the 1920 crew, were expected to retain the head-ship, but they were bumped on the second night by New College, who thus went head and stayed there. Merton, by bumping Christchurch on the first night, went up into third place, but could never catch Magdalen, who, accordingly, finished up second. I understand that Magdalen intend to defend the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley, and that they will probably be strengthened by the inclusion of the old Blues, Horsfall, James, and (possibly) Lucas. New College will doubtless "put on" for the Grand as well. They were admirably stroked by J. R. Baker. Lincoln II achieved the highest number of bumps, six, and Trinity II and Magdalen III (a new boat) had five each, whilst Brasenose and Jesus each went down five places.

H. S. S.

Photographs *Sport and General*

EIGHTS WEEK AT OXFORD: "WELL ROWED, NEW COLLEGE!"

The New College boat passing the winning post at the head of the first division on the last day of the racing. They gained the headship of the River by bumping Magdalen (who started head) on the second day. Magdalen finished up second and Merton third

The Davis Cup Tie at Hendon

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

SPAIN *v.* THE BRITISH ISLES

On the hard courts of the London Country Club at Hendon last week the British Isles beat Spain in the first round of the Davis Cup Competition by 4 matches to 1. Our artist has recorded above in caricature some of her impressions of the participants in a keen and thoroughly sporting encounter, which was honoured by the presence of the Duke of York and the Spanish Ambassador.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *May* 30

DEAR COUSIN—

LIFE'S very lovely these summer days, isn't it, spite of coal stoppages and train shortages, and all the rest of the troubles and inconveniences that buzz round us as busily as the restless, ever-circling summer gnats. For yes, at last one can really venture, I think, to say that we have had a full and glorious taste of summer, even if it's come, according to the calendar, just a bit before its proper time.

卐 卐

JUNE, July, or August can give us no more splendid and golden days than some of these May ones, when—

> The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,
> Filled full of sun.

And when, even in London, the air has been crystal clear from dawn to sunset—partly, they say, because of people using less coal, so even strikes have their uses, don't they ?—and the sky a deep soft forget-me-not blue, and the trees a feast of rich fresh green, that even London dust has not yet had power to dim or dull.

卐 卐

AND at night . . . such utterly and entirely delectable nights ! Nights long in coming, what with the long days made even longer by Summer Time, but when they do steal gently upon us, so infinitely sweet and scented, so softly stirred by the night breezes which have a charm and fascination all their own, while, to crown all—

> The moon, the summer moon, surveys the vale . . .
> High over all this England doth she ride ;
> She silvers all the roofs of folded towns,
> Her brilliance tips the edge of every tide,
> Her shadows make soft caverns in the downs. . .

No wonder, perhaps, if theatres and other places are neglected, and complain of what they say's positively the worst slump within the memory of man.

卐 卐

DON'T believe, anyway, there's anyone who doesn't love to see the sun shining, unless it's the managers of the theatres aforesaid—and, of course, the farmers, who started complaining long ago, about drought and things. But then they're not *very* often *quite* satisfied with what's happening about the weather, are they, whether it's warm or cold, moist or dry ? For most of the rest of us though I do think sun makes all the difference, even if we don't know it. Every bit as bracing as a new hat, even, to wake up to a bath of sunshine pouring in at the window and hear the bees humming among the flowers that have come out, most of them, so much earlier than their usual time this wonderful year, when the June roses even have already made quite a good start on their summer career.

"Worst slump within the memory of man"

卐 卐

ALMOST unbelievably like the old times we hear of, when weather *was* weather, it's been to have the outdoor shows in a real proper and suitable out-door atmosphere. To feel at the Eights at Oxford last week positive relief at escaping from the torrid sun-baked College barges, with their masses of summerily clad flappers (with escorts), to the cool joys of the Cher, and a Canader comfortably moored in the leafy shade of the bank. Or at Roehampton or Ranelagh or Hurlingham—to watch the polo in languid comfort from a hard-won chair, or have tea at an equally hard-fought-for table coatless and furless and without even a dream of possible umbrellas and wraps. And even the interminable waits of the packed car queue, as you slowly creep in across the bridge, don't seem to matter—when the sun shines.

"The trees a feast of rich fresh green"

卐 卐

WHAT a joy too, by the way, to motor out into the country for a picnic or something these summer days—especially if you've had a peep in at Victoria or Charing Cross or somewhere beforehand and seen the people waiting for

(*Continued on page 552*)

Only excellence made the world use

Pears'

SOAP

for 130 years.

IT is surprising that many people in these days should still misunderstand the motive of advertising and still regard with a certain amount of suspicion any firm which has enough confidence in its own productions to proclaim that they are good. The cost of advertising, in their opinion, is added on to the price of the goods, and the public have to pay through the nose for what is merely an exhibition of self conceit on the part of the manufacturer.

The sober truth is of course that the increase of trade, which invariably results when a valuable commodity is intelligently advertised, is so great that the manufacturer, after paying all advertising expenses, is able, by the economies of mass production, actually to sell at a lower price than would have been possible if he had never advertised at all. If therefore you buy a well-advertised article you are getting the highest value for your money.

And there is another point to remember: A firm that advertises gives hostages to fortune. If you buy a well-advertised article and *dislike* it you will take very good care to get something else next time. The very advertisements that made you buy it in the first instance will simply remind you of your disappointment. A good advertisement may make a first sale, but only the qualities of the articles themselves can make people repeat their purchase. Thus, a firm which proclaims its wares as the best obtainable, the wares themselves on trial proving inferior, might for a very short time make a profit through trial orders; but the prosperity would not last six months. In a short time the firm would be dead.

PEARS' SOAP has been advertised perhaps more than any article in the world. It has been bought by the public for 130 years, and it is actually more popular to-day than it has ever been before. That is because, when we say it is the best and purest toilet soap, the public by long experience know that we speak the truth. It *is* the best. If you yourself, by some chance, have not yet used it, you should do so at once; it is a duty you owe your skin.

Above is an actual photograph of a tablet of Pears' Soap taken against the light.

The above wrapper has represented soap excellence for over 100 years.

Matchless for the Complexion.

Have you used one of Pears' Golden Series?

the few-and-far-between trains. Adds zest to the pleasure of feeling oneself (for once) one of the idle rich—which is, of course, a horrid sentiment, but after all the flesh *is* weak, isn't it? To glide along (in suitable company) through half-awakened Clapham, and Balham with its hair still in early morning curl-papers, into the lovely wooded slopes of Surrey, and the pine-clad vistas of Sussex.

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And to back at last, when the pangs of hunger and thirst get *quite* unbearable, into a little rutty cart-track that leads on to one of those wonderful heathery, brackeny, gorsy commons, and then . . . Oh, the ambrosial flavour of that mayonnaise, the nectarous (or should it be nectarian?) taste of the accompanying potion, be it even the merest *vin ordinaire* in ordinary life, or the humblest lemon squash.

卐 卐

After that, the rest and silence of divine content, and then *post longum intervallum*, as the Romans put it, once more to horse (or rather h.p.), and tea at an hostelry somewhere among the pines, dinner at another, and to end up with, the drive back through the cool, but not too chilly, evening air. Is there anywhere, I wonder, a sensation more softly soothing than that rush through the darkening tree-lined lanes, with the sun setting in glorious golds and silvers and blues and purples, and the moon mounting in the sky, till at last you sweep happily and sleepily back to London—and bed.

"Through half-awakened Clapham and Balham with its hair still in curl-papers"

Or, perchance, it may even be a dance. Which, after all, is the only right and proper culmination or end of a perfect day, however tired you may think you feel. And at least we do still dance in London now, whatever strikes and slumps may have done to any other form of amusement. London would, indeed, be a dull city without it, what with all our Pussyfoot rules and all the rest of it, which, according to some critics, have done us down completely as far as the entertainment side goes, and made Paris the capital of the world instead.

卐 卐

Still, all the same, and in spite of the (I admit) childish rules and regulations mentioned, we do have at least dancing to keep us alive. And fortunately one can endurably dance, even if one can't sup, to the accompaniment of nothing stronger than coffee or fruit cup or lemonade. Can even be quite bright and merry about it, too, especially at places like Rector's, where the dusky band fills up any dull intervals with some of the best and most amusing part-songs to be heard in town, or Ciro's, with its deft and agile band-leader who manipulates drumsticks more intriguingly than anyone I ever yet (really or metaphorically) met.

卐 卐

Quite a lot of waltzes, by the way, being played by all the best bands nowadays, even in the least painfully respectable resorts—and I've just heard of a new one called "The Spirit of the Nile," by Margaret Coxon, which they tell me is likely to catch on and be placed well up on the latest list. Not that the waltz, of course, as danced to-day, is anything *too* painfully respectable, or even moderately dull. About the last thing you do to it being, in fact, to waltz, as our ancestors understood waltzing. Which was (or so at least one gathers) a restless and over-active business at the best. And when you can fox-trot, walk, or shimmy to the music, why, after all, whirl round like a teetotum (in ancient fashion)—especially on these warm summer nights?

"At an hostelry somewhere among the pines"

卐 卐

Life's lovely these days, as I said—but full of problems. What to back for Wednesday's Derby, for instance. Leighton, Alan Breck, Craig an Eran, Lemonora . . . . ? You'll know the answer, I expect, by the time you get this.

With love, Yours ever,

Blanchette

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RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

The Derby

I DO not remember many more interesting Derby situations than that with which we are confronted at the moment of writing. Here we have three horses equally well fancied, together with several others who are also reckoned to have a very fair prospect of success. Then there are the usual troop of outsiders. And who shall positively declare that the latter have "no chance"? We have seen too many upsets of calculations in the Derby to despise the outsiders. So, if you have drawn Pucka Sahib, Goldendale, Roman Fiddle, or one of the French horses in the club sweep, you need not be downcast, and give your ticket to the hall porter as being worthless. One member of a leading club did this when he drew Aboyeur in the sweep. That meant a windfall of over £1,000 for the worthy janitor of the club. Something like a tip!

The Guineas Winner

I SHALL be much surprised if one of the three favourites does not win today (Wednesday), but then we always are surprised when the well-backed ones get beaten. That is where the bookies come in. Recent form speaks for Craig an Eran. You cannot get away from the merit of his success in the Two Thousand. Of course, I know full well that the Guineas winner does not always prevail when he goes to Epsom. We have a lively recollection of the downfalls of The Panther and Tetratema. The secret of the former's failure in the Derby was, in my opinion, the fact that he turned cunning and absolutely refused to race. He was never any good after his Two Thousand triumph. Tetratema was defeated because, as became obvious to all, he did not possess the necessary stamina. I fancy "Atty" Persse all along feared that this would be the case, though he was hoping against hope until the last.

Lord Astor's Colt

NOW, I do not think that Craig an Eran is either cunning or a non-stayer. It is always hazardous to attempt to judge a racehorse by only one performance, and it is possible we are making too much of Craig an Eran on the strength of his victory in the Guineas. But I liked the style in which he won that race, and it is always sound policy to follow a three-year-old who shows such vast improvement upon his juvenile form as Craig an Eran has done. There is no reason to suppose that we saw the limit of the progress of Lord Astor's colt in the Two Thousand. Although he was very fit in that race, so shrewd a trainer as Alec Taylor would assuredly leave something to work on in view of the Derby. Craig an Eran will be a very handsome horse when he is fully developed, and I expect to see an appreciable physical improvement in him on Derby day.

Alan Breck

THERE was a tremendous furore last week for Alan Breck. Gilpin's stable has a big following, which is not to be wondered at when you consider what a fine lot of horses he has under his charge. If Mr. Gilpin fancies one of his for the Derby then we can safely wager that a big section of the racing army will hasten to follow the lead, for they know that the Clarehaven trainer is not easily satisfied in his trials. He has the right stuff with which to gallop a Derby colt, and if it is his opinion that Alan Breck is good enough to win at Epsom that colt will enjoy everyone's respect. You have to remember that Alan Breck will have to improve a great deal upon his Guineas form in order to beat the field on Wednesday. Apparently he has done wonderfully well in his preparation, but I do not see why the others should have stood still.

By "THE TOUT"

"JIMMIE" WHITE

About to enquire the price of "Granely" for the Derby! Mr. James White's exploits as a post-war owner are too fresh in our memories to require further comment than to say that he is a fearless speculator and, what's more, generally "gets there"

Leighton's Chance

LEIGHTON is a bit of a puzzle. We know his brilliancy as a two-year-old, and we know, too what worlds Harry Cottrill thinks of him. But will he stay the Derby course? There is certainly an "if." He did not travel well in the market last week after doing the longest gallop he has yet been asked to do. Of course, he *may* win in a canter—his admirers declare that he certainly will. But I shall depend upon what we have seen and stick to the Guineas form. This rules out Humorist, who is said to have improved. I make **Craig an Eran** my selection, and I expect him to be followed home, as in the Guineas, by LEMONORA.

The Oaks

I HAVE never been able to get it out of my head that the success of Bettina in the One Thousand was a bit of a fluke. Perhaps she will prove in the Oaks that I am hopelessly wrong, but I am going to take in preference a filly who finished more than two lengths behind her at Newmarket. I refer to Pompadour. Why do I think the Manton filly will reverse the result of the Guineas? Well, Pompadour seems to me likely to make the better stayer of the two. She is a very handy, medium-sized filly, just the sort to be suited by the Epsom course. Her stable companion, Oubliette will also have to be reckoned with on Friday, and this time that charming filly, Strathleven, may run into a place. I look for the success of **Pompadour**, though it seems too much to expect that Lord Astor will bring off the great double at Epsom.

(Caricatures of Derby celebrities, by "The Tout," can be seen on pages 516 and 517)

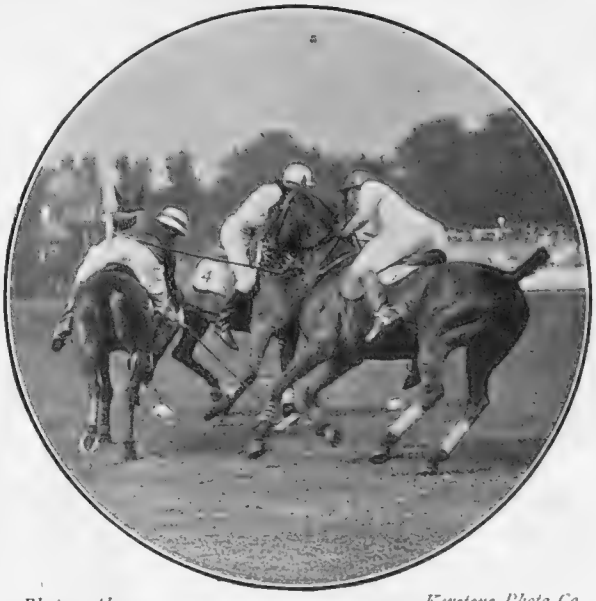
POLO NOTES

England All Right

As you will have gathered from my notes in previous issues, I am not, and never have been, one of the polo pessimists. I do not believe that the Old Country is decadent in the galloping game, though for various reasons—chiefly because the trouble in Ireland is keeping a number of polo-playing regiments in other ways engaged—there is a dearth of young players coming on. A few weeks ago we were told on all sides that the International Cup was as good as lost. I fancy a brighter feeling now pervades the British polo world. We haven't yet beaten the Americans, but we are going to give them a thundering hard fight. Being of a speculative turn of mind, I am open to take any odds which may be on offer against our team. I am told that "5 to 1 on America" was the price at one time. The proper odds should be "evens."

Question of Ponies

I AM ready to admit that the England four did not cover themselves with glory in the trial match against "The Rest" at Hurlingham last Wednesday. Major Lockett's team just managed to scramble home by the margin of a single goal, but they were not mounted nearly so well as they will be in the Test Matches. After all, the whole issue will turn upon the ponies. We have got the men all right. The Tomkinson-Barrett-Lockett-Wodehouse combination may not be the greatest ever seen in polo, but it is composed of men who know every phase and every trick of the game. If they get the right ponies I am convinced that they will hold their own at Hurlingham on June 18 and 22.



Photograph *Keystone Photo Co.*

POLO AT HURLINGHAM

England *v.* the Rest last week at Hurlingham proved a most exciting affair, the former only winning by one goal after a game in which their opponents had held the lead up to the sixth chukker. Lord Wodehouse, England (blue vest), can be seen endeavouring to get the ball from E. Hopkins and Colonel Hunter, the Rest. The Duke of Connaught was amongst the many distinguished spectators

Keeping Fit

ONE hears stories of the Americans' strenuous efforts to be at their fittest for the Test Matches. Well, our fellows are not leaving anything to chance. "You bet we're keeping fit," said one member of the team to me last week, "off to bed by half past nine, and as much good food as we can get down." That's the right spirit, and if we are beaten nobody will be to blame. By the way, I was surprised to see so few members of the public to see the England match at Hurlingham last week. Seeing that it cost only three shillings to see some of the finest polo in the world, the stands should have been packed. As a spectacle polo beats any game I have ever watched, yet the public seems slow to appreciate the fact.

A. W. C.

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Civil Military & Naval Tailors
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NARCISSUS

CREATIONS

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE THOUGHT.

All the most beautiful things in life are inarticulate.

The most wonderful books remain unwritten. The most wonderful plays remain unspoken. The most wonderful dreams remain uncaptured.

What is the reason for this delicate silence?

Should the true artist waste the golden hours of life on the writing of a word, whilst in possession of the youth which enables him to love and to live? Should the energy of the fine emotions be prostituted to a pen, whilst the arms are yearning to capture some real creation?

THE WORD.

The illusive millennium always remains on an ever-distant horizon. We merely exist in a savagely commercial age, an age in which we are compelled to work to provide a material minimum. And if we are fortunate we are rewarded by an occasional kiss from Life.

None of us to-day can afford to be anything but materialistic. Materialism is the only thing understood or accounted of value. But if we are constrained to struggle in this pestilential morass we must concede to it no more than necessity compels.

Materialism has laid its slimy trail on creative literature, and has made niggards of us all.

THE DEED.

And so to-day Commerce is niggardly with her fruits to you and to me.

This House should really charge a unique figure for its material creations. But that figure would be beyond the capacity of the majority whose spending powers have been over-reached.

Therefore, since trade has been maintained, the charges have been reduced to mere production costs. And at the end of 1921 my Income Tax return will represent a complete simplicity. Nought from nought leaves nothing.

This is a sad fact for me and the Chancellor. But I hope we are both sportsmen.

Virtue is, on rare occasions, rewarded, and this sacrifice of profits will create a wonderful good-will for Pope & Bradley. Which is really an original thing to create in these days of universal bad will.

The following prices, which will be maintained throughout the year, are actually quoted at cost. This may sound like a beautiful lie, but to me it is a disturbing truth. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Overcoats from £8 8s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
& ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

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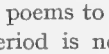
GOOGLIALITIES. By A. A. Mailey

THE PATHETIC SIDE OF A CRICKETER'S LIFE

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

WHEN unhistorically minded folk talk glibly of "the Victorian era" they generally believe that they are drawing your attention to a rather preposterous, monstrously respectable and very dull period, fitly epitomised either by the Albert Memorial or by that far cleverer creation of the incomparable Max, which shows Tennyson reading one of his poems to his Sovereign. And yet, of course, this period is no more preposterous, no more respectable, certainly no duller, than any other. People began to realise so much when Mr. Lytton Strachey astonished the literary world with a book which set out to kill the legend once and for all time. *Eminent Victorians* removed much of the starch with which an age accustomed to snippets and cocktails had thought fit to encrust a century it had so successfully avoided itself. What further revelations, then, would emerge from that second book which Mr. Strachey was known to be writing? What would he have to say of the great Queen herself?



THIS second book is certainly a revelation of Mr. Strachey's literary powers, but it contains few revelations of the kind which some tepid Georgians no doubt expected. His *Queen Victoria* (Chatto and Windus: 15*s*. net) is a gracious book, very human and interpretive, very wise and well-balanced. The Queen herself is shown plainly but romantically, not as the never-varying figure which some of the earlier biographers have endeavoured to paint, but in her several humours. And in no other book, I fancy, do the three men to whom she owed so much—the Prince Consort, Lord Melbourne, and Disraeli—shine forth with such clarity. Mr. Strachey's Albert is an unforgettable creation. His Melbourne brings to mind an old faded portrait hung high in an attic for long years which has been cleaned and restored and given its rightful place on the drawing-room wall. And his Disraeli—is he here, perhaps, too keen for the glitter and tinsel of the man?—is a delicious vignette. You read the book at a sitting with a pleasure in no wise lessened by the fact that so much in its brilliant pages is the reverse of new. Mr. Strachey has no deplorable tricks with which to deck out this admirable essay, and his final paragraph, all fanciful though it be, remains in your mind as a guarantee at once of his sincerity and his qualifications to undertake such an essay at all. (It is odd, by the way, to find no mention in the bibliography of Mr. Frank Hird's fifteen-year-old *Victoria the Woman*.)

"Adventures in High Society"

Under this title the Countess Foria De Martimprey contributes to the June issue of *Cassell's Magazine* (on sale to-day), a remarkable article which gives a vivid peep into the ways of Royalties and Society on the Continent who, before the War, lived in luxurious excitement. The Countess, whose first husband was a nobleman of historic French family, and an ambassador in the diplomatic service, relates some of her own adventures in Cannes, Venice and India, and they are of the most fascinating character.

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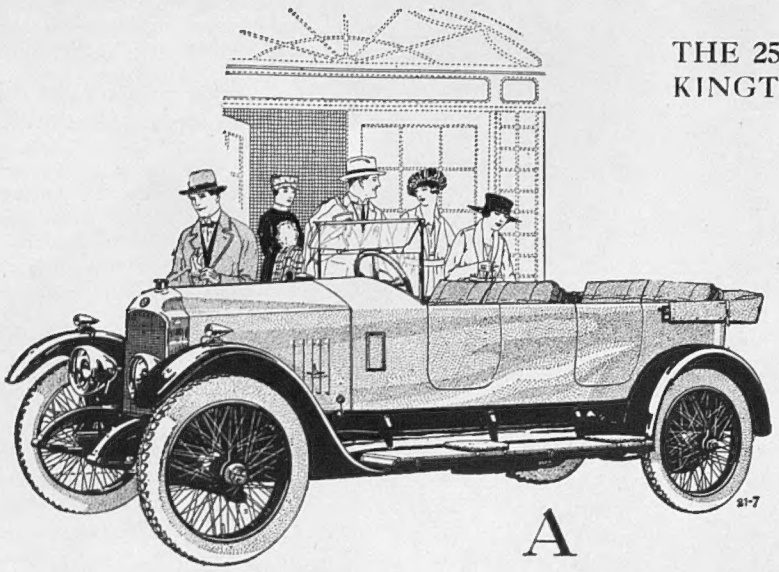

THE 25 H.P. VAUXHALL
KINGTON OPEN CAR

To seat 4 or 5. Wheelbase 10 ft. 10 in. Kington body features: saddlebag upholstery in antique leather; considerable stowage room behind the lift-up seat backs; aluminium instrument-board and front floorboards; tool-box of special design—tray concealed in running-board; neatly folding hood; honeycomb radiator; nickelled metal parts; tasteful colour schemes for paintwork and upholstery.

COMPLETE CAR
£1100

A delightful car to drive

THE engine is full of life, and the clutch, gears, and brakes operate with refined efficiency. Thanks to these advantages and to lightness of steering and steadiness on the road, the car can be driven the whole day long without fatigue. Above all is to be mentioned the smooth, comfortable running at a speed which the driver feels to be an easy pace for the car—35 to 45 miles per hour—and which, without 'pushing,' yields an excellent average on a long journey.

OWNERS' REPORTS ON VAUXHALL ECONOMY

"Motorist" will find that the 25 h.p. Vauxhall, with open Kington body, will do 18 m.p.g. on petrol and 20 m.p.g. on benzole or a mixture of the two. Oil consumption is quite extraordinary, at least, in my case, about 2,000 miles per gallon. It never loses a drop by leakage, and the engine keeps absolutely clean and oil-tight. I have done 8 000 miles on under 4 gallons of Castrol. My tyre mileage has been 8,000 miles for the front (the original tyres are still on), and about 5,000 for the rear tyres. G. H. M.—The "Autocar" correspondence columns. May 21, 1921.

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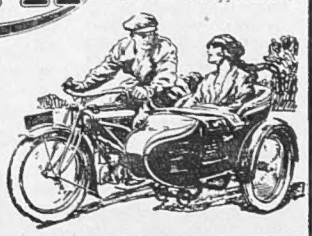
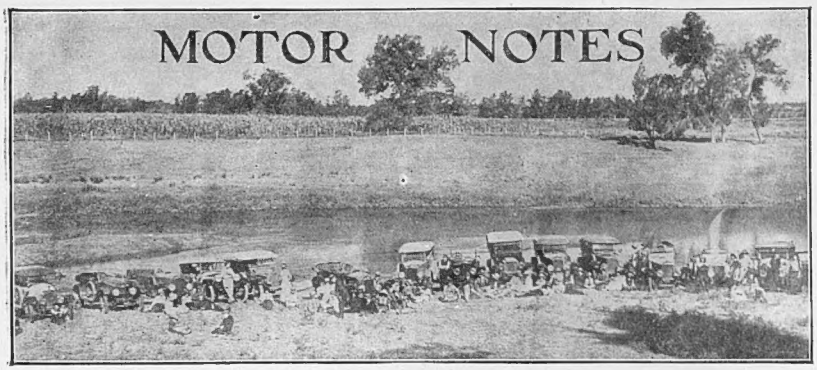


TRIUMPH PEDAL CYCLES are noted for their distinctive features and high-grade qualities. Lady's and Gent's Models at prices ranging from £14. 17. 6.

MOTOR NOTES



A MOTOR PICNIC

A party of some fourteen Vauxhall owners drove to Grove Vale, about fifty miles from Sydney, recently and spent a very enjoyable day. The picnic was arranged by Mr. Boyd Edkins, the New South Wales agent for Vauxhalls

SOME friends of mine recently hired a bungalow on the seashore and kindly invited me to spend a few days with them. Well, I went and enjoyed myself, but, now summer is really here, I don't think in these hard times a bungalow is worth 4½ guineas or more per week, as compared with a motor-caravan. When one considers that you can buy a trailer-caravan that any 10 h.p. car can easily haul, that will comfortably hold two or three of you, and four at a pinch, for £275, fitted up with every possible convenience, or hire it at a figure which is quite reasonable, I vote for the gipsy life every time. 'Cos why, if you get bored by any particular surroundings you can move on. There is less work to be done in keeping it in order, and you do not have to pay any ground rent if you choose your spot for "squatting" with due care. As for the servant problem you can get temporary help anywhere nowadays, if you must have it, though you are really better off if you fend for yourselves.

* * *

HOLIDAYS are the subject of conversation everywhere at the moment, whether you can afford it or not, and the trailer-caravan offers a solution for a most economical holiday if you have a car. Possibly motorists may remember the Eccles caravans that were on show at the White City during the motor exhibition last November. I had a good look round a variety of them recently at Baileys in Great Portland Street. Here they could be had from 65 guineas up to £295. But the family trailer-caravan struck me as being a real holiday bus. It was fitted with lockers, cupboards, larder, tables, beds, crockery, pots, pans, cooking-stove, and washing basin that empties outside the "house." A specially designed step was so arranged as to drop down when the entrance door is opened, and to form a seat or low shelf inside when the door is closed Hubby can sit on this step outside to clean the boots, as the brushes, etc., are kept in a handy little locker near by. The patent interchangeable beds and seats were "priceless," as the flappers say, particularly well-sprung, and warm and cosy at night time. The whole house on wheels has been so well arranged that you get . ally home comforts, good ventilation, get warmth (for nights are chilly), and the benefit of a bungalow at a quarter of the cost. Who would not be a motoring Romany under such pleasant conditions ?

* * *

COMFORT, when motoring for pleasure jaunts, depends so much on the accessories that an owner fits on the car. After some twenty odd years at the pastime I have come to the conclusion that many a ship (of the road) is spoilt for want of a "coat of paint," that is, odds and ends that spell comfort for the passengers. I had two or three waterproof covers made some years ago in which I could put cushions, or even an eider-down

(Continued on page 566)

£750 *"Value for Money"*

"READY FOR THE ROAD"—IN THE FULLEST SENSE OF THE PHRASE—AND MOUNTED WITH THE FINEST QUALITY ENGLISH COACH-BUILT BODY. CHASSIS PRICE **£550** COMPLETE WITH

C.A.V. Lighting and Starting;
Five Lamps;
Clock;
Speedometer;
4-Speed Gearbox;
Cantilever Suspension;
5 Wheels and Tyres.

"WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?"

"Daily Dispatch," Nov. 4, '20. "... After the most exhaustive examination into the relative 'value-for-money' of the numerous cars exhibited at this year's Olympia Motor Show, in my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16 h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in every respect the car as representing 'value-for-money'..."—W. H. Berry.

The same writer states in the "Evening Standard," Mar. 4, '21. "... After nearly 2,000 miles with the Talbot-Darracq on the road, however, I have nothing to take back from my original opinion, that she is the best value in cars in her class in 1921."

THIS IS THE NEW PRICE OF THE

16 h.p. TALBOT-DARRACQ

DECREASED production costs, owing to intelligent co-operation between the various firms associated with the Darracq Company; the reduction in labour costs in the principal Foundries and Stamping Plant of the combined Companies at Suresnes; a heavy reduction in the cost of raw material, and the whole 1921 output of the 16-h.p. model contracted for by agents, added to which the sales in France have been much heavier than anticipated. All these facts have resulted in a further large series of this model being placed in production, a drop of £100 in price, and the further upholding of the Darracq Company's "value-for-money" policy, which gives its customers the *immediate* benefit of the improved industrial outlook.

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SERVICE DEPOT:
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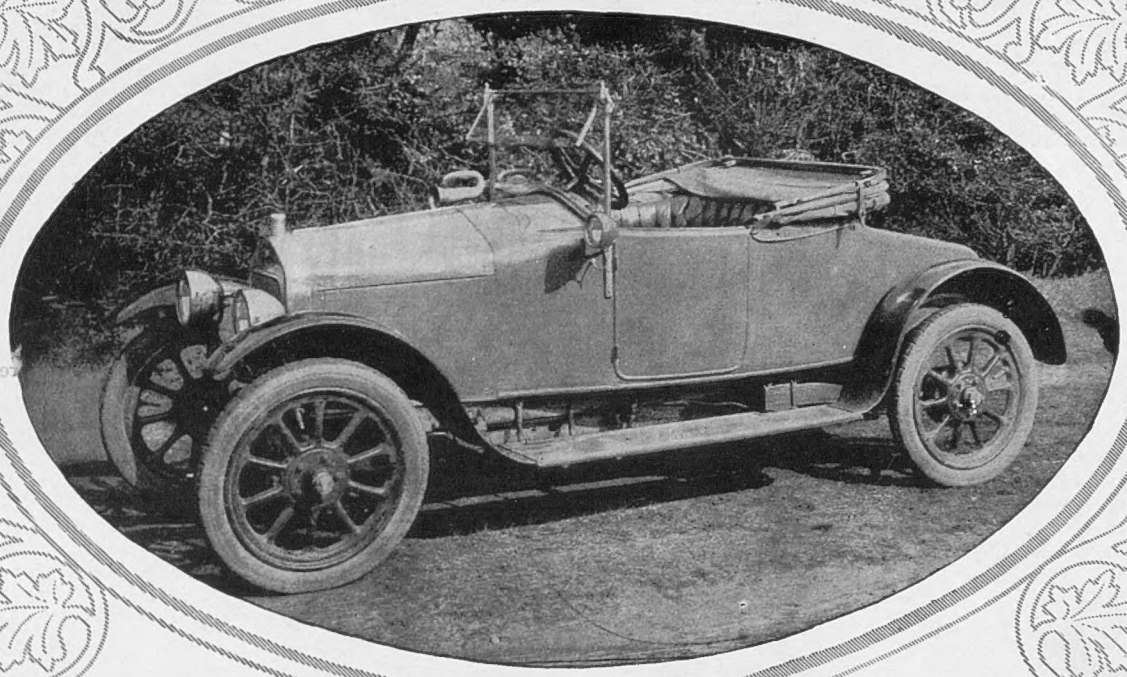
SOUTHAMPTON:
25 & 27, London Road.

10 h.p. (11·4 R.A.C. Rating) 2/3-Seater **£660**
With double dickey seat.

10 h.p. (11·4 R.A.C. Rating) 4-Seater... **£700**



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Fitted with superb coachwork, delightfully sprung, luxuriously upholstered and appointed, it is undoubtedly the most desirable small car ever offered to the public.

"WOLSELEY"

"WOLSELEY-STELLITE" Two-seater **£465**
STANDARD TEN Two-seater - - **£545**
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TRADE MARK WOLSELEY

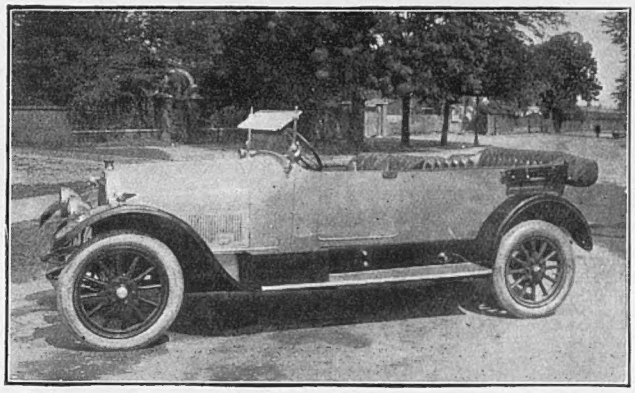
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

quilt doubled up. Few ladies find the seats and back cushions of cars quite fit their curves, and this remedies the fault, while greatly adding to comfort on long journeys. Also the quilt, when unrolled, helps to make some of the cast-iron mattresses a bit more comfy to sleep upon, besides being a useful extra cushion in day time on the road. Side wind-screens, both for the front and back seats, do not cost very much, and I know from experience how people appreciate their value of doing away with back draught. Yet how few cars comparatively fit them, especially two-seaters, where they are really wanted more than in bigger open touring bodies. I could specify a dozen such odds and ends that make for better enjoyment of the road, such as an impulse starter on the magneto (costs £3), which saves that early morning struggle with a sticky engine, a back lamp that gives a good light to see your way when backing into the garage at night-time, footstools for short-legged passengers, a front screen window cleaner that works off the exhaust, and does keep the screen clear in wet and snowy weather. But, there, all these things are obtainable, but somehow or other often forgotten to be fitted by motorists.

MANY will make the French Grand Prix motor race a holiday jaunt, so I suggest to those who are going to take their cars over to France for this event to make their arrangements with the touring department of the Royal Automobile Club to ship their cars for them as early as they possibly can. The R.A.C. have arranged special steamers to sail from Southampton to Honfleur on July 18 and 21, leaving at 7 p.m. on those days, and cars must be alongside the steamers not later than 3 p.m. on the day of sailing. The race is on July 25, and Le Mans is not so far from Paris that one can drive over from there in the early morning if difficulty in obtaining hotel accommodation is experienced nearer the course. A limited number of cars can, of course, be taken to Havre, also by way of Folkestone, Dover, and Newhaven, the latter being in my opinion the best port to leave from, as one reaches Dieppe, and the roads are fair on that route.

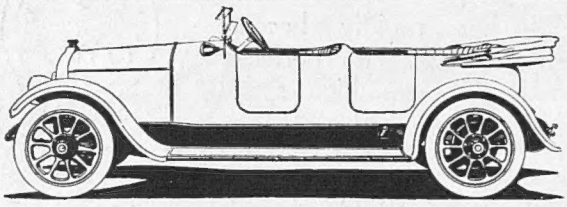
* * *

OUR English roads might be better, but they might be a great deal worse, judging by some bad ones encountered in North Wales recently. Dusty was not the word for it, and the pot holes were small craters, so those motorists going to Holyhead better beware of their springs. Down in the South tarring is very plentiful. Black and sticky it is, and seems to refuse to bind with the coarse grit sprinkled upon it, judging by the way my paintwork and varnish acquired more than it wanted. Still the fields were so green, and the trees soft and feathery, while the sun shone merrily over the hills, so that Nature made me forget man's handiwork in its loveliness. All the same, gone for ever, I'm afraid, is that spotless sheen from my panels, and, worse than all, my insurance policy does not seem to cover this kind of damage. Yet it claims to be one of the "all-in" kind. Still, while on a holiday, why worry. OLD HY.



A FIRST-CLASS TOURING CAR

A 16 h.p. four-cylinder Talbot-Darracq photographed in fair weather trim with the hood down



The 25 h.p. TALBOT is one of the most successful models ever introduced by the Company. For reliability, durability and efficiency, combined with low upkeep cost (the petrol consumption under touring conditions averages 18/21 miles to the gallon) this car is unbeatable. Hereunder we give prices of the three models for the 1921 season.

The CLEMENT-TALBOT CO, Ltd., have pleasure in announcing a price reduction in all three models; the 25 h.p., the 36 h.p. 6-cyl., and the 15 h.p. This reduction has been made possible by the intelligent and intensive co-operation between the various Companies associated with the Clement-Talbot Company, added to a considerable drop in the cost of labour in the principal Foundries and Stamping Plant of the Combined Companies at Suresnes; this, in addition to the heavy fall in the price of raw material, has reduced production costs enough to warrant the new prices.

CURRENT PRICES.

15 h.p.	Chassis	£795
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Catalogues and all details will be posted on application, and trial runs arranged by appointment.

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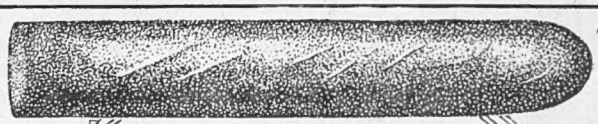

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